Serl. O. M. Per

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A HOME MISSIONARY.—[Drawn by T. Hovenden.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE result of the spring elections in New Hampshire and Connecticut is Republican defeat, but it is not in any positive sense a Democratic success. Thus in Connecticut the Republican vote last year was 39,245; this year it is 40,042. The Democratic vote last year was 45,059; this year it is 46,784. The Temperance vote last year was 2541; this year it is 4826. If the vote in the legislative districts shows a much greater change than that for Governor, yet in those districts there was a fusion of the "Liberals" with the Democrats, and the result is not strictly Democratic. Probably if a national election were held next week, and the two old parties were in the field, the Temperance vote would go to the Republicans; some of the actual Democratic votes at this election, which are those of discontented and vehemently protesting Republicans, would return, and a majority of the reserved vote not thrown in a State election would go the same way. This is a fair statement of the situation in Connecticut. And what does it show? That with all the Republican discontent, the Democratic party, as such, does not materially increase, and that, however disheartened by the political situation and the slow righting of wrongs by their own friends, the best Republicans are not ready for absorption in the Democratic party.

The peril of this protesting and indifferent attitude, however, is evident enough. It is seen in Connecticut. The Republican passivity gives the day to the Democrats. The general opinion of the State may be Republican, but it is votes that decide elections. Yet the responsibility for the passivity, and for all that flows from it, is with the party implicated in the Crédit Mobilier; with those who passed the salary grab, and who made the moieties and the SANBORN contracts possible; who are blind and deaf to Louisiana and South Carolina; who violate by inflation the plighted national faith and the solemn pledges of the party. The Republican party from 1856 to 1865 was the conscience and intelligence of the country politically organized. Of such a party such gentlemen as General BUTLER and Mr. CAMERON can not be representative leaders. When it is plain that they and their political morality and methods are really the law of the party, the party will be broken and virtually destroyed. The inflation bill that has passed Congress, supported by Mr. MORTON and Mr. CAMERON, has dealt a terrible blow at the party unity. Under Mr. MORTON'S lead, and with Mr. BUTLER'S aid, a Republican Congress has proclaimed a national financial policy which seems to the mind and conscience of the party a debasing lie. Does Congress wonder at the passivity of Republicans?

And here, in a party view, is the great opportunity of the President. It is the eager and constant cry of the Democratic press that he is the head of the party, and that he is responsible for all that dismays those who have trusted and supported him. What—they ask—what can BUTLER, or MORTON, or CAMERON do without the President? Was it BUTLER that appointed SIMMONS against the earnest protest of those who do the heaviest business at the Boston Custom-house? Is the President, they ask, a king who is not responsible for his acts? Is he blind, they ask, that he does not see the shame of the SANBORN revelations? Does he not know what every body else knows of the real situation of Louisiana or of South Carolina? And they demand whether, if he signs the bill inflating the currency, Republicans will still wonder whether he is responsible. What stronger proof, they insist, can a Republican possibly have of the real drift of his party than that the President either directly or indirectly sustains the most disastrous measures of a Republican Congress, and is most intimate with those who originate or advocate them?

The reply to all this is simply the fact, at which the Democrats may sneer, but which they can see as plainly as we, that even the Massachusetts Republicans, who felt themselves deeply wronged by the appointment of SIMMONS, did not lose hope of the President. And if they did not, how much less does any considerable part of the party elsewhere? Even in Connecticut, as we see, the Republican vote does not fall off, but increases. The truth is that the mass of Republicans, seeing beyond the dissolution of their own organization only the Democratic, still cherish the hope of reform within the party. And if the President should veto inflation; should promptly remove any officer upon whom the report of any committee threw a shadow; should vindicate the hope that he excited of a real reform of the civil service; should visibly surround himself with the most trusted men of the party; should make himself every where felt as an active and resolute will to purge his administration and secure public honesty and economy—the Republican party would spring to its feet with the old light in its eyes and the old faith in its heart. This is his opportunity, and this, whatever may be thought of its reasonableness, is the secret hope of the mass of the party. It is this which explains the generally steady line at the polls.

But if we are asked whether any considerable part of the party really expects all this of the President, we remember Lord BURLEIGH, who smiled and put the question by. But even should he approve inflation, and fail to do any of the things that we have mentioned, we believe that Republicans generally will still await the party action of the summer and autumn. Thus, unless Mr. MORTON and Mr. PRATT entirely misrepresent the sentiment of their State, the Indiana Republican Convention will approve inflation. The New York Convention will certainly denounce it. If the friends of General BUTLER carry the day in Massachusetts, there will be a bolt from the Convention there. Such events would show conclusively that the party, as it has been hitherto known, was dissolving. We do not believe that even the fear of so unnatural an event as the election of a Democratic Governor in Massachusetts would restrain the bolt. And since the protest in that State is not personal, but directed at a system, it would not be confined to Massachusetts. The contest with the evil political tendencies of the time will begin, or rather has already begun, within the Republican party. It may be called reform within the party, or by any other name. But it must necessarily end in reconstruction of the party, because the two elements can not possibly combine. If the corrupt element wins, a new party would be possible. The *World*, indeed, says that not to join the Democrats is to swell the followers of GRANT and BUTLER and MORTON and LOGAN. But does it suppose that any Republican, upon any ground whatever, would support a party which makes FERNANDO WOOD candidate for Speaker? If a Republican wishes public honesty, why should he join a party whose representatives select such a type, and who are equally divided upon inflation?

THE VETO AND THE NATIONAL FAITH.

IT is a sad day when the honor of the American name can be saved only by the Presidential veto. Yet, as we write, it has arrived. The argument in favor of the veto power has always been very strong, because experience shows that the most vitally important laws may be heedlessly passed. They often represent passion, ignorance, party spirit; and often the most sincere vindication of the veto comes from those whose action it arrests. The veto is the sober second thought. It is the power which the President may exercise, not to thwart the will of the people, but to defeat what he does not believe to be their will. They have themselves given him the power, because when people are intelligent enough to govern themselves wisely they know that they not only sometimes need to be defended from themselves, but that their representatives may not truly represent them. The present Congress, for instance, was elected with General GRANT in 1872. The platform and the President had both pronounced in the strongest terms against repudiation in every form, and in favor of the earliest possible return to a sound specie financial basis. No Republican candidate upon the stump would have dared to whisper repudiation or inflation. The new Congress was morally pledged against both, because that was the popular understanding in the election. The Republican majority, however, against the vehement counsels and powerful protest of almost all the most eminent Republican leaders, have resolved upon inflation, and have asked the President to concur.

His action will probably be taken by the time this paper is published. The intelligence and the conscience of his party hope for a veto. This is the time for him to resort to that great power, and for two reasons: First, to defeat a proposed law, wrong in principle, and sure to breed disaster; and second, to redeem the pledge under which he was elected. The President has himself said that we shall not stand upon firm ground until we secure the only true basis of the currency. Nothing can be added to the able demonstrations of this truth which have been made in Congress and by the press. The only excuse offered for an approval by the President of a bill which increases the insecurity of our position is that the act of the Secretary of the Treasury in issuing the reserve must be sustained. The argument for the Secretary is that he construed a doubtful law in favor of his own power, and saved the government from loss, and the country from disaster. But the Secretary's act was of doubtful legality, and the bill not only approves it, but continues a discretion which vests an incalculable power over the business of the country in the hands of one man. It is a power so monstrous as to make patient discussion of it almost impossible.

But the great objection to the Executive approval is that the bill violates the national faith and commits the country to a lie. It solemnly enacts that the country shall make a promise, which at the moment of making it is false, and known to be false. Will the President authorize such an act? If Senator MORTON labors with the President to persuade him to sign, let the President meet Senator MORTON with his own words in 1868: "If the greenback note is to be regarded as an obligation, for the payment of which the faith of the government is pledged, the continued failure of the government to make any provision for its redemption can not be regarded in any other light than repudiation." Will the President increase the number of the greenback notes in circulation without the slightest effort to provide for redemption? In other words, will he, as Mr. MORTON suggests, authorize repudiation? This is the simple question. General GRANT has once saved the unity of the nation. He can now save its honor. "The promise is daily broken," says Mr. MORTON in 1868, "and has long been dishonored." Will the President in 1874 break that promise forever, and confirm that dishonor?

THE POOR MAN AND INFLATION.

THE plea that inflation is the poor man's cause, and an honest currency the rich man's, is the favorite argument of the speculators who demand expansion. "It is a conflict," said Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, in the House of Representatives, "between capital and labor, between wealth and poverty, between the few thousand favorites of fortune and the million sons of toil......The conflict between hoarded wealth and patient industry came early to this new nation in this New World." Is this the truth? Is it the lesson of experience that inflation helps the poor man? Let every poor man look at the Continental shin-plaster, of which such multitudes still remain as warnings, and answer. The first thing that must strike him is that the demand for inflation comes from the speculating and debtor class in the community. If he is told that of course it does, because that is the active and enterprising class, let him reflect that, however active and enterprising it may be, it is not the industrial and producing class. It is not his class. It is not the class of "poor men," of "laboring men," but of two kinds of people—the clever ones who are known as operators and gamblers in stocks and trade, and the ignorant, who think that a government promise to pay is really money instead of an evidence of debt. And the glib tongues of the former describe the ignorant wishes of the latter as the demand of poor men for more money. Of course, if a politician or orator insists that ignorance is wisdom when it is the ignorance of poor men, or that a man's financial views are necessarily sound if he is poor, there is an end of argument.

The inflationists argue, with Mr. CONGER, that it is capital and wealth, that is to say, the creditor class, which opposes inflation, while the debtor class requires it; and as the poor man is not a capitalist, he is said to be a debtor, and his interest therefore lies in inflation. Now the poor man knows that he has but one means of living, and that is by selling his labor. He has no other resource; and his chief interest is to sell his labor for the most money he can get which will buy him the necessaries of life. But when the currency is inflated, the price of labor is the last thing that goes up. For a long time the laborer gets no more than the dollar, but the dollar buys less than it did before. The gambler's moonshine stocks go up, and the operator's goods, and the speculator's real estate, but the price of the poor man's labor creeps up long afterward and very slowly. Every body else, members of Congress included, can take the chances of the game. They can buy or sell long in advance. They can borrow. They can lose, and tide over to take another risk. But the poor man, the laboring man, has no such opportunities. He can take no risks. He must face the price of food in the market on the regular day of his payment, whenever it comes round; and while all prices fluctuate with the changing currency, the rise is felt first and the fall last in the commodities that he must buy. The assertion that an uncertain or unsound currency is useful to the working-man is like the other saying which he has often heard, that high taxation does not hurt him, because he does not pay taxes. Does he think that his landlord or his grocer makes a present of the amount of his taxes to the government? Not at all; he gets them from somebody, and that somebody is his tenant and his customer—the poor man.

The instinct of the intelligent poor man, of whom demagogues speak with such patronizing pity, is that of all other intelligent men, that the multiplication of paper promises to pay a dollar which is never paid is like any other falsehood. He may not clearly see the immediate result, but he knows that truth is better than a lie. If he is told that it is "the best currency in the world," and the proof of it is its universal acceptance in this country for twelve years, let him not forget that it has been accepted for two reasons—because it was made lawful, and because there was no doubt that it would be paid. Mr. KASSON, of Iowa, pierced the "best currency" fallacy when he held up a gold ten-dollar piece and a ten-dollar note, and asked which of the two a sensible man would prefer to take as money. France issued twelve hundred millions of assignats, and pledged certain revenues for their payment. But the end was national bankruptcy. The Continental Congress issued three hundred millions of currency. It had "all the property of the country behind it," but it went down to nothing, and the suffering of the poor man was what it always is in every country when the simple rule of honesty is broken. Men, because they are poor, are not necessarily the dupes of demagogues, and when more "money" has been ordered and made at the printing-office, the poorest men can see the next step. If paper is "money," and gold is an exploded delusion, "the best currency in the world" is certainly good enough to pay our national debt. "Why," some Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, will say in a year or two—"why should a few thousand favorites of fortune who hold the bonds of the United States not be paid in the currency of the toiling millions?" The public faith broken in one way is then broken indefinitely. One lie breeds another. Repudiation follows inflation.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

THE long and resolute struggle in the Legislature of Massachusetts to select a successor to Mr. SUMNER ended at the thirty-third ballot by the election of the present Governor of the State, WILLIAM B. WASHBURN. It was evident almost from the first that neither Judge HOAR nor Mr. DAWES could command a majority, and to those who are familiar with the politics of the State Mr. ADAMS never seemed to have much chance. Massachusetts is strongly Republican, and Mr. ADAMS has long been out of relations with the party. Mr. WASHBURN is a man of the highest character, modest and steady and trusty, and of great experience and knowledge of public affairs. He will well represent the sturdy integrity and intelligence of his State.

But the chief significance of his election is that it is another Republican repudiation of General BUTLER in Massachusetts. We do not believe that Mr. DAWES had any understanding with General BUTLER, but it was undeniable that the BUTLER interest was working hard for him, so that his defeat became the defeat of BUTLER. His election has, therefore, been hopeless from the beginning, because the general is not yet the master of Massachusetts. Mr. DAWES, also, has always seemed to regard BUTLER very leniently. In the midst of the warm campaign for the nomination last year he took occasion to say that if General BUTLER were nominated he should support him. But that is not the battle-cry of the Republican opponents of the general, and being resolute and radical in their hostility, they could not support for Senator a candidate who was less in earnest.

This contest in the Legislature foreshows that in the State next autumn. It is not BUTLER and anti-BUTLER, that is, it is not

personal. It is a conflict of principle, of political morality. It is the question whether a great party shall be a machine for misrule and public plunder, or a means of elevating, purifying, and economizing the government.

THE APPEAL FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE do not know what the Committee upon the Judiciary may report to the House of Representatives in regard to the statement of the tax-payers of South Carolina. But every body knows, and those who do not know suspect, the real condition of that unhappy State. Private information confirms public report that a more deplorable situation can not well be imagined. It does not dispose of the subject to say that the former voters of South Carolina brought the evil upon themselves. Evil enough, indeed, they did bring, and it would be long, under the most favorable circumstances, before they could hope for relief. But the State should suffer no evil which Congress, or the Executive, or the Republican party, or public opinion can rightfully and lawfully remove. Judging from the best information that we have, we do not believe that the movement of the tax-payers is, in the ordinary sense, merely political. It is very probable, for it is very natural, that they do not feel kindly toward a party under whose ascendency they are, as they think, robbed. But their appeal to Congress and to the President shows that they cherish no sullen hostility, and would gladly combine with the better Republicans to save themselves from the worse.

Mr. SIMON, who spoke for the tax-payers, said that while

"the average values for taxation before the war were over $500,000,000, they now amount, at an excessive valuation, to only $150,000,000. The annual average of taxation for State purposes has increased from $400,000 to over $2,500,000. The State debt has been enlarged from $5,000,000 to over $16,000,000, and perhaps $22,000,000. Under the process of confiscation, 268,523 acres of land and 309 buildings have been forfeited to the State in one year from inability to pay the enormous taxation. The sums thus raised have been devoted to spoliation and plunder."

He alluded to the catalogue of railroad frauds, furniture frauds, land commission frauds, election frauds, sinking fund commission frauds, and pay certificate frauds. He further said that the

"voting population of the State, that which wields the political power, is in the hands of the non-tax-payers, constituting a large and fixed majority, who are banded together and persistently refuse to the tax-payers a fair representation for the protection of their property and interests; that the people who pay the taxes have substantially no voice in levying or expending them; that those who levy and expend the taxes neither contribute to them nor feel the weight of them; that there exists on the part of those in authority a combination to confiscate property under the pretense of taxation, and deliberately misappropriate the enormous sums thus raised; that owing to this conspiracy and their supreme control over the various departments of the local government, there was no mode of redress by peaceful agencies within the limits of the State. The condition of things in South Carolina was exceptional and abnormal. It had never arisen in any other commonwealth since the advent of the American Union. The Republican form of government, as contemplated by the framers of the Constitution and guaranteed by its fourth article, did not exist in the State. The power of Congress was invoked, because those who conspired together against right deluded their misguided followers by professing to have a charter for their misrule and corruption under the sanction of Congress, the Executive, and the Administration."

He closed with an earnest appeal for a committee to investigate, whereby the true situation of affairs in South Carolina might be made known to the whole country, and it might be ascertained whether this conspiracy and combination, fatal to the welfare of every section, exists, and that a remedy commensurate with the evils might be applied.

When the Republican party adopted the policy of reconstruction which the situation demanded, it was seen and frankly acknowledged that great risks were taken. One of the most obvious was the possible mastery of the new majority of the voters by sharpers and demagogues, who would mask all their action under the name of the party, and represent all opposition as proceeding from sullen rebels. This is what we now see. And can nothing be done? Are our resources exhausted in saying that it is all very sad, and that nothing can be done about it? The fundamental conditions of reconstruction, especially equal suffrage, its corner-stone, will of course remain unchanged. But why should Congress, or the President, or the intelligence of the Republican party be deaf or blind to the serious suffering and wrong which undeniably exist in the State? It is from them, from the dominant party, that relief can alone come. For the situation is such, as we have before represented, that if the colored voters could have plain evidence that the Republican party of the country, the Executive, and Congress did not sustain nor approve the leaders who mismanage the State, and if this could be certified to them by the character and acts of the officers of the general government in the State, the beginning of relief would be perceptible. The remedy is not a matter of theory, but of practical statesmanship, of skillful administration. If the President and Congress were firmly resolved that the enormous corruption and misrule in South Carolina should cease, their disposition would soon be known in the State, and every honest, patriotic citizen in it would be inspired to co-operate heartily. First for the welfare of the country, then for the interest of the party, the Administration should range itself in sympathy with those who are wronged in South Carolina, and to this end we hope that the Judiciary Committee will recommend the investigation which is asked.

A BEGINNING.

THE chairman of the Civil Service Committee of the House has reported a bill abolishing the office of Appraiser of Merchandise at twelve ports and of Assistant Surveyor at four more, thus saving $45,000 to the Treasury. Among these ports was that of Evansville, Indiana, one of those which were created a few years ago, and of which Mr. DAWES said in his speech of February 12: "At every one of them, whether a ship ever came in sight of the place or not, we establish the whole machinery of a custom-house, and an appraiser at a salary of three thousand dollars." In March, 1871, an appraiser was appointed at Evansville, and he told "his Senator" and the Secretary of the Treasury that his office was a sinecure. The following year he informed "his other Senator" that the law should be repealed and his office abolished. Such insubordination and treachery to the distribution of patronage was of course intolerable, and the recusant was removed. Yet he says: "There could be no charge of neglect or incompetency, for no officer was ever more faithful and diligent in drawing his salary than I was during those two years, and absolutely there was nothing else to do." These twelve offices have been abolished by the House bill, and although the gentlemen who are in favor of a magnificent increase of "money" in the form of printed paper may think such reforms the saving of cheese-parings, there are yet other citizens who are grateful for them.

But useful as these fragmentary efforts at economy are, the true plan is that which Mr. WOODFORD has reported—the appointment of a commission to inquire into the whole customs system, and reduce it to some kind of consistency, reason, and order. There is always, we know, a fear, not altogether unfounded, of "symmetry" in the details of public affairs—an apprehension that some "ideal" or "theoretical" system may be adopted which will look well, but not work well. And the example of England is quoted, where, as MILL said, they distrust logic in affairs. But BURKE's example is a good one. He made a thorough study of the extravagances, wastes, and follies of the cost of administration, and then moved to reform such as were plainly unreasonable. Our customs service is full of obsolete and indefensible practices and laws, which exist only because there has been no comprehensive study of the whole service, or honest effort to simplify details and harmonize laws. This is what Mr. WOODFORD's bill proposes to do, and this is what ought to be done.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XV.

PROCESSIONS and pageants seem to form a necessary part of that system of government which satisfies the highest conceptions of English statesmanship; and decked with ribbons and stars, titles and decorations, the rulers of the narrow island are expected to show themselves to the people or to each other on all occasions of public rejoicing. A royal progress through the streets of London is supposed to be the most effectual means of winning the popular favor. The city adorns itself with garlands to greet its visitors, a vast throng presses up to the royal spectacle, and princes and nobles make haste to acknowledge the popular welcome with profuse bows and smiles. Yet the modern progress has at least the advantage over the ancient that it is not so costly, that its decorations are modest and cheap, its pageants stinted and bare, compared to those that welcomed the savage kings and queens who once preyed upon the prosperity of England. One of these earlier processions occurred nearly five centuries ago. It was in those "merry days" of which we are sometimes told, when modern reforms had not disturbed the peace of the blissful island. In 1392 King RICHARD II., the weakest and possibly the most worthless of English monarchs, reigned in apparent tranquillity. It was when CHAUCER and GOWER were chanting acute satires upon priests and monks, when WYCLIFFE had sown dissent in many a cottage, and when the crimes of church and state were more freely discussed than modern reticence will allow. It was then thought no indiscreet boldness to rebuke the errors of princes or the servile compliances of fawning priests.

But weak and foolish as King RICHARD might have been, he was still to the people of unhappy London a despot as terrible as NERO or DIOCLETIAN. He had demanded from them a contribution of one thousand pounds. Weary of his exactions, they ventured to refuse obedience. The wrath of RICHARD fell upon them without stint. He imprisoned the mayor at Windsor Castle—the centre of modern festivity. The principal citizens of London he threw into prison, he placed one of his own officers in command of the city, and he so racked and wasted the Saxon population that they were soon glad to purchase the forgiveness of the foul tyrant—so powerless was London in those "merry days"—by a bribe of ten thousand pounds. The great lords and the king were satisfied, and RICHARD and his queen, ANNE, promised on a summer day in 1392 to make a progress through the penitent city. All was now joy and triumph. Wycliffite and reformer, CHAUCER and GOWER, were silenced in the loyal and impoverished throng. The last treasures of the city were wasted in its decoration. A long procession of its citizens on horseback or on foot set out to meet the royal robber who had so lately plundered them, and his gracious queen, who had shared the product of his crimes.

RICHARD, on a white palfrey, and ANNE, rarely mounted, followed by her maids of honor in chariots, rode up from Southwark to London Bridge; and had some London *Times* or *Standard* existed in those happy days, we should have had, no doubt, a most loyal and imposing description of the royal pair. Immense throngs awaited them at London Bridge. They crossed the unsteady structure with some trepidation. In the midst of the throng one of the chariots was overturned, with all the maids of honor; "a sudden fall," says the monkish narrator, "of overweening pride." Wycliffites smiled, and the people restrained their merriment. Vast was the throng that filled the way from the bridge to Ludgate Hill. As the procession entered the street of Chepe a fair tower rose before it, flowers gleamed on every side, the fountains flowed with wine, musicians poured their sweetest lays, and two fair spirits descending presented to the king and queen rich crowns of gold. ANNE gleamed with jewels, and RICHARD shone in his fairest attire. A long line of great lords followed them. The day, which had been stormy and sullen, suddenly broke into unusual splendor, and happier than their modern descendants, the royal party passed in fair sunshine, followed by triumphant music, to St. Paul's. Here new fountains poured wine, new gifts awaited them, and costly decorations surpassed all they had yet beheld. They paid their devotions at the famous shrine, and then mounting, rode down Ludgate Hill along the narrow street. We must fancy the houses hung with tapestry, the pavements or the paths strewn with flowers and leaves, the shouts of the people, the weariness of the royal party. But before them lay Temple Bar, and here the curious fancy of the early artists had been exhausted in a rare device. Here all the splendors of Cheapside and St. Paul's were cast into insignificance. The whole scene had been converted into a dense yet lonely forest. Wild animals sported in its depths. A solemn silence ruled around, and in the midst of the desert was seen JOHN the Baptist, the king's patron saint, pouring blessings upon his royal head. It is impossible to describe the decorations of the scene. It is sufficient to know that new purses of gold were thrust into the royal hands, and that they rode merrily away to Westminster enriched by the spoil of London. A few years afterward Pomfret Castle heard the last sighs of the miserable RICHARD. His people had starved him to death.

Five centuries had nearly passed since RICHARD's notable progress when I wandered along the streets of London to witness the entry of VICTORIA and her newly married children. Nor does a royal progress of the nineteenth century differ widely from that of the fourteenth. The same throng of idle and eager spectators, the same crushing multitude and wide excitement. The decorations were cheaper and probably more tasteful. A few plaster casts, a profusion of paper roses, a display of red drapery and Russian flags, were all that modern economy would allow. No fountains spouted Burgundy, no attendant spirits thrust crowns of gold upon the modern queen. The weather, less kind to VICTORIA than to RICHARD, never ceased its inclemency, and no fair sunshine broke out upon the passing pageant. The people were silent, weary, and cold, and the immense multitude gazed with more of curiosity than clamorous loyalty upon their rulers. Some modern Wycliffites may have smiled at the brilliant pageant that called grave men and women from their studies or their business. Some CHAUCER or GOWER might have complained in animated verse that London should be given up to frivolity. Processions and pageants are things of the past, and in a crowded city they seem singularly out of place. Business stops, the poor suffer, the idle only are gay. Painful accidents and fatal deeds attend them. In the recent progress the procession was almost as dangerous as the car of Juggernaut. Many persons were bruised, wounded, or left with broken limbs to remember the perilous festivity. Two infants were crushed to death in the throng.

All the gay, the idle, and the powerful, all the noble and the fair, were summoned to the royal marriage. Windsor Castle, according to the account of the papers, rang with unaccustomed and splendid festivity. The Queen sat laden with onerous and precious ornaments in the midst of her guests, at a table burdened with the spoils of many a battle-field, and the golden treasures ravished from Eastern kings; with the precious huma, a bird formed of jewels and gold, captured at the sack of some Indian capital, or the rare plate given by FRANCIS I. from the plunder of his people to HENRY VIII. There was a hunt through the snow in Windsor Forest. At Buckingham Palace incessant throngs of lords and ladies, prelates and dignitaries, embassadors and foreign nobles, shine at the gay banquets, and celebrate the glories of the popular sovereign. All is triumph and exultation, as in the days of RICHARD and ANNE. Victory has once more perched on the British standards, and the umbrella of King KOFFEE has been added to the spoils of Windsor. The press teems with the eulogies of royalty and nobility. No pen is employed in checking the extravagant excitement. No one ventures to hint that the chase and the banquet, the race-course, the ball-room, and the theatre, are not the best schools for the education of princes, or that royal revelries and endless dissipation form no happy examples for England's young men and women; that the ruin of thousands may follow from the wide revival of mediæval follies and the general forgetfulness of the rational duties of life. For the Queen and her family even the sternest republican may entertain the kindliest feeling. Her example at least has always been in many particulars worthy of her station. Her purity, her rigid decorum, her discretion in religious and civil politics, have left little room for censure. But if it be a part inseparable from royalty to encourage extravagance and display, to enfeeble the moral force of wise men by the temptations of emulation and the bribes of rank and honors, to confound the aspirations of merit by apportioning rewards to those whose claim to them is founded alone on birth and fortune, every republican will prefer and prize the more his simpler and more rational system of government. He may trust that his countrymen will ever cultivate a true republican plainness, and rigidly repress the natural influence of European examples, of the splendors and the pageantry that flourish in the traditions of mediæval courts.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE financial question was the most important matter considered by Congress during the week ending April 18. The House, April 15, passed the Maynard Free Banking Bill, by a vote of 128 to 116, and immediately afterward passed the Senate Currency Bill, yeas, 140; nays, 102.—The House, in discussing the Appropriation Bill, April 16, voted down a motion to reduce the President's salary to $25,000.—Mr. Carpenter's bill for a new election in Louisiana came up in the Senate April 13, and was discussed daily, but without conclusion. The House, April 13, passed a joint resolution providing for the free transmission of newspapers in the counties where published.—A bill to abolish the Congressional mileage system passed the House April 15. It provides that members shall be allowed only their actual traveling expenses to and from Washington once each session.

A committee representing 2500 of the leading business men of this city waited upon the President April 17, and besought him not to sign the inflation bill.

A most disastrous overflow of the Mississippi River has occurred in Louisiana. Seven of the largest parishes are submerged, and thousands of people, white and black, are without food or shelter. Governor Kellogg has asked immediate relief of Congress.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Carlton, formerly one of the agents of the Methodist Book Concern of this city, and recently Treasurer of the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey, died April 16, aged sixty-six years.

Joseph Brooks, who claims to have been elected Governor of Arkansas in 1872, took the oath of office April 15, and under a writ from the Circuit Court took forcible possession of the State-house and ejected Governor Baxter. The contestants have both appealed to Washington for armed assistance, but President Grant refuses to interfere.

Bald Mountain in North Carolina is rumbling again. On April 14 the shocks were more severe than ever, and the trembling of the earth was felt for more than a hundred miles distant.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANOTHER steamer of the General Transatlantic Company's, the *Amerique*, sprang a leak at sea off the coast of France, April 14, during a violent tempest, and was abandoned. The passengers and crew were all saved, but the second officer, Garay, was lost. After drifting a hundred miles the steamer was encountered by two passing vessels, and towed safely into an English port.—A terrific gale swept over the English Channel for three days, beginning April 14, and many ships, with all on board, were lost.

A terrific explosion occurred in an English coal mine near Dukinfield, April 15, killing fifty-three of the miners, and severely injuring many others.

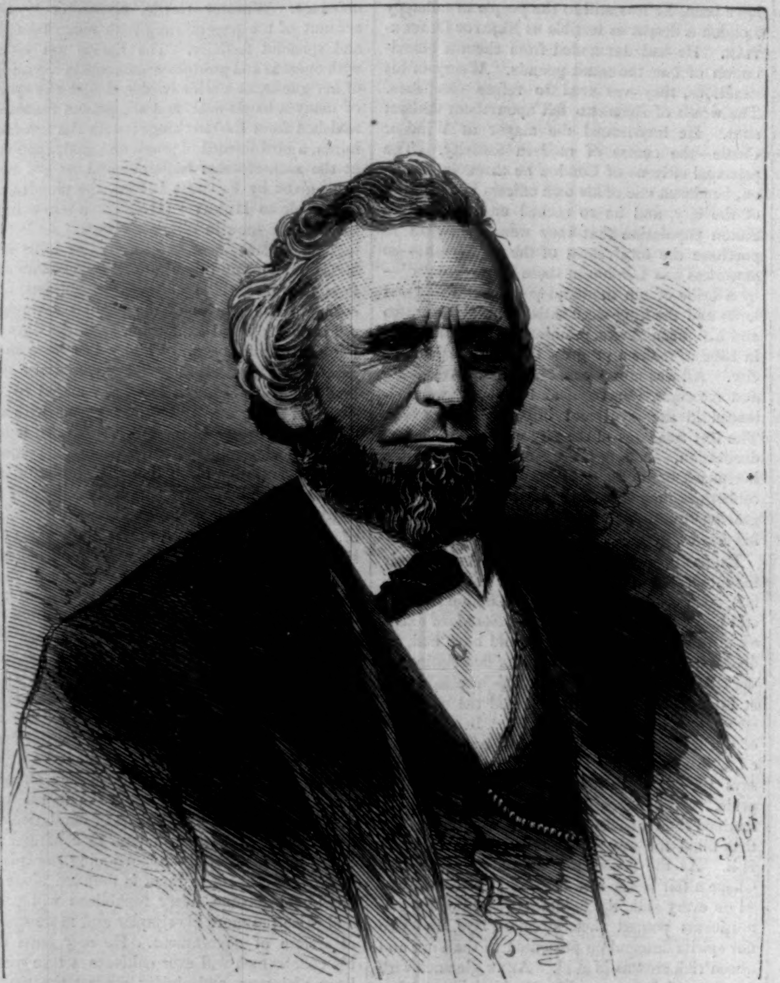
The German Reichstag, by a majority of 78, has voted in favor of the compromise amendments to the Army Bill. In the course of debate General Von Moltke said: "In consequence of the shouts of revenge it is necessary to keep the hand on the sword. Disarmament would mean war."

Sir Stafford Northcote has submitted the annual budget to the British House of Commons. It shows a surplus of about £5,000,000, and proposes the abolition of the tax on sugar, horse licenses, and a reduction of the income tax by a penny on the pound. The Queen recommends a grant of £25,000 to General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone reached Southampton April 15, whence they were sent by rail to London. A multitude of spectators lined the route of the procession to the dépôt, and the scene was very impressive.

Three more of the assassins of Rev. Mr. Stephens in Mexico have been arrested, and one of them has been tried and condemned to death.

Owing to what he regards as the unfavorable action of the International Commission in regard to tolls on tonnage through the Suez Canal, M. De Lesseps threatens to dismiss his pilots and extinguish the lights in the light-houses, thus virtually closing the canal. The French government advises him against such action, and the Porte has authorized the Khédive of Egypt to keep the canal in working order.



THE HON. W. B. WASHBURN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.
Photographed by Whipple, Boston.—[See Page 375.]

THE HON. BENJAMIN P. AVERY, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.
Photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.—[See Page 375.]

MONACO—THE GAMBLING TABLE.

MONACO—THE BALCONY.

MONACO—THE FASHIONABLE GAMBLING TOWN OF ITALY.—[See Page 375.]

ROBBING THE GRAVE, AND SHIELDING THEMSELVES BEHIND THE TOMBSTONE.

"You can't answer back. Ha! ha!"

THE FIRST OF MAY.

[See Illustration on Page 376.]

I HOPE you are satisfied now, Marm;
 I hope you are pleased to-night:
We've got all the furniture in, Marm,
 And every thing seems to be right.
There's a knob, though, off your bureau,
 But the cabinet-maker is near:
If you will insist upon moving,
 I wish you would pay for it, dear!

Of course we can't have any supper—
 The dishes are all packed away;
Besides, the stove grate is broken;
 There are sandwiches, though, as you say.
You ought to have some in your basket—
 No, thank you, not any for me:
When you are a little more settled,
 I think I'll go out—and get tea!

The silver is safe in the closet,
 Except that the cream-jug is gone.
If taking on, Marm, would restore it,
 I'd willingly let you take on;
But it won't: I must buy you another—
 I'll see it's a cheaper one, too.
Your portrait is safe, as you see, Marm—
 Or was, till the stove-pipe went through!

Set the children down any where, Bridget—
 An armful like that isn't light;
Put them to bed if they're sleepy,
 But don't take their shoes off to-night:
Whatever room you go into,
 Nothing but tacks will you meet;
Every tack on its head is standing,
 To run in their dear little feet.

You'd better take care of your poodle,
 And put him to sleep in your muff:
If he happens to tread on a tack, Marm—
 They say that one tack is enough—
Look out at once for the children,
 For the days are uncommonly hot:
You may like to have the dog bite you,
 I frankly confess I would not!

Were there ever such fools as we, Marm?
 We were well enough off last year;
You liked the house when I hired it—
 "It is just what I wanted, dear!"
I bought new carpets and oil-cloths—
 What didn't I buy you, pray?
But nothing would satisfy *you*, Marm,
 But moving again to-day!

Have you been over the house, Marm?
 I have—and what did I see?
There are Croton-bugs in the kitchen,
 And a very industrious flea!
Why, the mice walk out of their holes, Marm;
 They are taking it mighty cool;
I think I know what they're thinking—
 "Here's certainly one more fool!"

Bridget, make up the bed for your mistress,
 And nobody sit up for me:
I'm going around to my club, Marm,
 For something stronger than tea!
I've but one more thing to say, Marm,
 In view of you and the day—
She was born on the First of April
 Who invented the First of May!

HARRY WARING'S FORTUNE.

"I ADVISE you to think less about your ancestors, and more about your posterity," said old Lady Waring to her son Harry one bright June morning.

At the moment she uttered this epigram her son was busy with some ancient records which he had recently unearthed in the library of the British Museum, and which he had caused to be copied for study at his home in the country. Harry was a bachelor; his family was not of the richest, though there was no more honorable or ancient name in the county. But he was a younger son, and studiously inclined, and there seemed little prospect of his marrying.

Lady Waring had often recommended him to make his addresses to some of the heiresses of the county. There was Georgina Belassys, the sweetest girl; "and I am sure, my son, she would rather take you poor than the richest suitor she has." In short, Lady Waring was set on a match; but her son shook his head, and said, "I am too proud to court an heiress, and too poor to marry a pauper;" and there the argument would stop, for Lady Waring well knew the somewhat perverse disposition of her younger son, and avoided urging the subject of marriage. Harry Waring had reached his thirtieth year, and seemed farther than ever from marriage. "I am married to my books," he would sometimes say. Indeed, to see him surrounded by his antique tomes you would have thought him wedded to morocco and parchment, a true predestinate bookworm.

He had hobbies in study, each one lasting several months or a year at a time, and engrossing him completely while it lasted. Then he would take the fancy to travel; he would leave home almost without saying good-by, and no word would come from him for weeks; then Lady Waring would receive some such message as this from her truant:

"MALTA.

"Am here for a fortnight, doing the history of the Knights. Will write you next from the Coptic monasteries in Abyssinia."

Or,

"CONSTANTINOPLE, 8th.

"Busy with measurements of the Hagia St. Sophia. Back on the 30th."

So, between his books and his travels, this whimsical younger son of Lady Waring led a decidedly unsettled life, while his elder brother, Arthur, who had lately succeeded to the estate, kept up the baronial dignity, and staid at home like a good citizen. Arthur had a charming little wife, but they were childless; and this circumstance made old Lady Waring the more anxious that Harry, her only other child, should surround himself with a family of his own. We have all heard a great deal about the maternal instinct; but what I may call the *grandmaternal* instinct has not been described as fully as the frequency and importance of the passion merits. With Lady Waring this instinct amounted to a passion. She could not bear the thought of dying without leaving any grandchildren behind her.

So when she saw Harry, just home from rummaging the libraries of the monks on Mount Athos, content to sit down in his own library and collate his Grecian notes with his British Museum records, Lady Waring could not refrain from drawing a long sigh as she saw, for the hundredth time, that her son thought much more about parchments than about posterity.

"Don't be alarmed, mother," he returned, looking up from a transcript of a mediæval heraldic record. "I have told you that I am not rich enough to court an heiress, nor poor enough to marry a beggar; but I have had some thoughts of my own about marriage of late."

This was a remarkable admission for Harry Waring to make.

"I hope they are favorable ones," returned Lady Waring.

"Certainly they are not unfavorable, my dear mother," said bachelor Harry. "Given the right conditions, and I shall be ready to marry—or, at least, to go a-courting," added he, a little ruefully.

"And do you find any help toward the right conditions in your study of the heralds' records?" asked Lady Waring.

"That's my secret, mother," said Harry. "But I have found enough in them to send me over to France for a fortnight. We shall see what will come of it. I am off this very day, and as soon as I have news to tell you I will write, or, more likely, come myself and bring it."

"Another trip after parchments!" thought Lady Waring; but she made no objection: it was Harry's way to come and go thus unceremoniously, as I have said. In what way a fortnight's absence in France could possibly be connected with a change of heart on the part of Harry relatively to the subject of marriage was a quite insoluble question to her. She simply said,

"Well, take care of yourself, Harry, and come back as soon as you can." And Harry made his adieux; then he went to his elder brother, and was closeted with him for an hour; but he reached town in time for the noon train to Dover, and before night he was landed safe in Calais.

Shall I tell here what it was that brought Harry Waring to Calais? On the whole, I think it will be better simply to record what he did. Perhaps some of my readers have divined his secret already. But I will give a clew to the mystery by reminding them of what they know already—that Calais was for more than two hundred years an English possession, and that finally it was retaken by the French under the Duc de Guise in the year 1558. Among the forlorn band of five hundred Englishmen who then garrisoned the town was an ancestor of the Warings, a man of wealth, who had spent the better part of his life there, and who fell during the final assault. His former residence, now in the poorer instead of the better part of the town, as it was three hundred years before, had been long in use as a hotel of the second class. To this hotel Harry betook himself, with a very definite and important plan in his mind. A single servant accompanied him.

It was a quaint, spacious, tumble-down rookery of a place, such as the traveler in any old French town will find in the more ancient quarters. It did not look very promising in the way of comfort and neatness, but it had every appearance of being well patronized. Harry Waring doubted whether he should be able to find any place in it, after all.

The landlord bustled out into the spacious court-yard to meet him, and feared that he could not accommodate milor suitably. There was, to be sure, an attic chamber, indefinitely high; but milor would not think of taking that? And the Frenchman smiled inwardly at the odd taste of the stranger in coming to his hotel at all, while he cursed, also inwardly, the fate that had just inveigled him into letting his best rooms to a pair of commercial travelers, and at a shamefully low price.

Harry Waring, on the other hand, had much ado to conceal his satisfaction at finding the merest foothold in the old hotel. But it was important not to awaken any suspicion of his object. "I am sorry," said he, "that you have nothing better to offer me than a sky-parlor. But 'tis my whim to come to your hotel. I love to get away from those modern buildings; and perhaps you can give me a better apartment soon. Meanwhile I shall busy myself in studying your old city."

The landlord hoped to accommodate; meanwhile he would take every pains to make milor comfortable *au cinquième*.

"Stay," cried Waring, who had been closely scanning the court-yard during the dialogue, "I will tell you what monsieur shall do if he pleases. He shall build me a little pavilion on this side of his court-yard, where the sun shines. There I shall carry on my studies like the hermit that I am; my servant shall take care of the room and of my books, and I will pay you roundly beforehand for gratifying an Englishman's whim."

This proposition caused M. Héritier to shrug his shoulders more actively, perhaps, than he had ever done before. What a radical, a revolutionary, an unheard of proposition! "But those Englishmen are capable of any thing," reflected he; a milor does not come to this old place every day—no, not every three months. Doubtless milor is as rich as he is odd. I shall not be the loser."

There was a long debate over Harry Waring's proposition. "We will see what can be done," said M. Héritier, finally; and the result was that the next morning Harry Waring was overseeing a gang of carpenters who were preparing to put up a box fifteen feet square in the old court-yard that had been unchanged in external appearance, except by decay, for more than a century. Great was the curiosity manifested over the Englishman's whim. All day long the do-nothings of the hotel peered out of their windows at the workmen; there was some growling, indeed, over the pounding and hammering that went on, but "milor" had made ample satisfaction beforehand to his landlord, and on the whole I think M. Héritier's guests were more entertained than annoyed by the extraordinary performance in the court-yard.

While the carpenters were at work Waring established himself comfortably in his sky-parlor. His principal anxiety now was to get the early occupancy of his room in the court-yard. He had taken little interest in the construction except to hurry it on. Since the location of the new structure had been determined he had divided his time between his books and long strolls in the country. It was afterward remembered, however, that in the selection of the precise spot for his little building, Harry Waring had been almost unreasonably particular. Nothing would suit him but that it should be placed exactly here, and not there, to get the "sunlight" at such and such an angle; a foot to the right or the left would not answer. M. Héritier could not see what the Englishman wanted of the sun in summer-time; for his own part, he was glad enough of the shade in June or July. "What a droll of a creature!" he would exclaim to himself. "It must be that he is touched in the brains. But that is no matter as long as I have his money."

The carpenters worked on meanwhile, with provoking slowness, as it seemed to Harry; but in the course of a week the court-yard resumed its usual quiet—the apartment was finished. Harry would not wait to have it painted. "I learned to like the smell of fresh pine on my American travels," said he. "I will take possession at once. My servant will sleep in the attic room."

So Harry Waring's new quarters were made ready for him as soon as possible. The room was neatly furnished, but he refused half the articles that the landlord proposed to bring, saying that the less furniture the better his whim would be suited. His baggage, consisting of three stout leather trunks, was moved down stairs, and precisely a week after he had left home Waring found himself established in his new quarters, built to order, in the old hotel which had been the home of his ancestor. He found himself, too, firmly established in the reputation of being crazy. All the people in the hotel spoke of him, among themselves, as the insane Englishman, and people came from distant parts of the town to see with their own eyes the building which this inexplicable lunatic had caused to be put up. But Waring kept the peace with every one, and seemed well enough satisfied with his reputation for madness.

The method of that madness, however, he was very careful not to reveal. For his latest researches had convinced him that his ancestor, who died in the defense of Calais about three hundred years before the time of this visit, had converted his whole fortune, a considerable one for the time, into gold, and had buried it in the court-yard of his mansion, the identical hotel in which Harry was now staying. More than this: the obscure anagram which he had found among the genealogical papers of the British Museum he thought that he had deciphered. That anagram defined the precise place in the court-yard where he should expect to find the long-hidden treasure. It explained, too, the comparative decay of the pecuniary fortunes of his family. Here, without doubt, the money lay; and it was this that he had come to seek. If he had not mistaken the anagram, here he would find his fortune. His last hour before leaving home he had given to an interview with his brother, in which he explained all his reasons for thinking that the ancestral treasure still lay safely buried in Calais. Arthur Waring had laughed at him. "Do you think a Frenchman would let gold lie buried right under his nose for three hundred years?" said the elder brother. "He would smell it out the first year. But go and search. You are welcome to all you find. I sha'n't claim an ounce of it."

It was a moment of no little excitement to Harry Waring when he found himself locked in, with his trusty servant, Grubbs, over the little spot of earth where, three hundred years ago, his fortune had been buried. His trunks contained the necessary tools for removing the floor and excavating the earth; and this the stalwart Grubbs commenced at once to do.

Great caution was necessary, in order that the sound of the work should not disturb the people of the hotel. If Harry had made a true interpretation of the old anagram, the treasure lay under the southern half of his floor. Little by little the servant pried up the planks upon that side. Waring bored a minute peeping hole through each of the four sides of the room, whence he could watch the court-yard, and discover whether his movements were suspected. So slow was the work, on account of the noiselessness with which it had to be carried on, that it was midnight before the half of the new floor was torn up, and the solid tiling of the court-yard exposed again. Grubbs, who knew what he was expected to find, and who had none of the latent doubts of success that would sometimes assert themselves in his master's mind, was all for going on with the work. "Loikely enough, Sir, we moight get at the money before morning," said he. But Harry Waring had not been a student to no purpose; he knew the risk of sleeping over freshly uncovered soil, and he sent Grubbs away to his attic, telling him that it would be time enough to-morrow to begin digging.

The next day, as may be supposed, was an anxious one for Harry Waring. He took his customary morning walk, but left Grubbs on guard within; the rest of the time he watched himself, fearing to leave the room empty lest the secret should be discovered. The next night work began as soon as it was dark; and being now in the ground, it went on much faster than the night before, because it made less noise. The flag-stones were pried back without much difficulty, and Grubbs was soon going through the earth like a mole.

And he found the treasure! Packed in iron boxes, not more than five or six feet below the level of the court-yard, lay the golden crowns which Harry Waring's ancestor had buried there at the siege of Calais. There was no question of counting them then; how to get away with them unnoticed was the problem. Fortunately there was an early morning boat to Dover. It would not do to call a *voiture* and leave suddenly at 5 A.M. But Grubbs volunteered to carry the trunks, one by one, to the landing, where an official would watch them for a small fee. The three trunks proved, as Waring had calculated beforehand, the most convenient means of getting away with the money. A strong man can carry about $50,000 in gold at a load. Grubbs was a giant; and I think that the three trunkfuls of French crowns that he bore successively that night to the Calais quay contained a fortune that was nearer £40,000 than any other round number. "It is not enormous," said Harry, as he saw the last trunk deposited safely on the quay; "but it will do for a second son, if added to what little he has already. What a pity the family has lain out of the interest of it for so long a time!"

Harry left his new apartments, I fear, in a state of dire confusion. He locked the door when he went away, just as the first sounds of human life began to stir in the old building. No one entered it until night, when M. Héritier became alarmed for his crazy Englishman, and began to fear that he had committed suicide "after the manner of his countrymen." Getting no answer to repeated blows and calls, he finally broke open the door. "Mon Dieu! the mad Englishman has made a tomb of my premises, and buried himself in it!" was his first exclamation. And M. Héritier looked with a shudder into the pit which yawned in his court-yard. Nothing was to be seen there but the rusty shells of three iron boxes. But on the table he found a *rouleau* of old French crowns addressed to him, and a note saying:

"MY DEAR M. HÉRITIER,—Many thanks for your courtesy in accommodating me in your court-yard. I came to seek a little sum left me some time ago under your pavement by one of my ancestors. I find the old *écus* of a very pleasing pattern, and I leave you a *rouleau* in testimony of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be," etc.

The Frenchman's state of mind was a study for a psychologist for the rest of that day. But Harry Waring was already safe at home in England, leaving no address behind him.

That very evening he called on Georgina Belassys to tell her the story of his romantic good fortune. I think old Lady Waring was right about that young lady's preference for Harry. At any rate, their betrothal was announced a few weeks later. They were married in September, and I have always believed that it was a union of hearts as well as of fortunes. Harry became an admirable domestic man, and has not been to Mount Athos or to Constantinople once since he was married. He haunts the British Museum at intervals, for he is still fond of genealogy. But old Lady Waring has grandchildren now, and Harry is their father. And he is so fond of them that old Lady Waring has never again urged him to think less about his ancestors, and more about his posterity.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. TYNG, in his admirable little book on *The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor*, just published by the HARPERS, says: "I have been singularly overruled and disappointed in the arrangement of my places of ministry all my way through. The places which I desired and sought have never been opened to me. I have been successively sent to places to which my tastes were repugnant, and unexpectedly removed from places in which I had become contented and attached. And yet I have never failed to find, in subsequent experience, that the Lord's choice was the best choice, and the move which I had dreaded has been made graciously to open for me a happy—I might say a still happier—home ....I gave up the wealth of earth to preach the Saviour's Gospel; and when I began that sacred work, in this world's goods I was poor enough. When I was settled in my first charge I had ten dollars in my possession, and that was borrowed. Through my whole early ministry I knew much of the restraints of narrow means of living." Further on in his book Dr. TYNG says: "I had been in the ministry twenty-four years before I received for my pastoral work a salary sufficient to afford me what might have been considered a proper support for my family."

—A statue of DANIEL WEBSTER has been offered to the Commissioners of Central Park by Mr. GORDON W. BURNHAM, provided it shall be set up in the centre of the group now on the Mall, composed of BURNS, SHAKSPEARE, and SCOTT. The Commissioners have not yet decided. The statue is to cost not less than $20,000, and is to be encumbered with only the one condition mentioned.

—The Supreme Court of the United States is said to have never been so harmonious as at the present time. It never possessed so many men of nearly equal age, and young enough for the best requirements of the position. There

was a time in Mr. CHASE's term when his Presidential aspirations tinged many of the issues before the court, and gave powerful personality and antagonism to the court *coterie*. The President's determination not to appoint any man on the bench to the Chief Justiceship has settled the precedent in that respect, and greater harmony prevails.

—President ELIOT, of Harvard, is quietly passing most of his time in England at Oxford and Cambridge, examining closely into the systems of those universities. He visited the parish schools at Bethnal Green recently, and when the rector introduced him as the president of the university which had sent over the boat crew, he was greeted with a shout of applause.

—America modestly takes another honor at the English University of Cambridge. The Harness Prize, open to all under-graduates and graduates of not more than three years' standing, for the best English essay on a subject connected with Shakspearean literature, has been adjudged by the vice-chancellor, the master of Christ's College, and two persons appointed by grace of the senate, to GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES, of New York, B.A., scholar of Trinity College.

—Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co. will shortly publish an English edition of the Gospels, illustrated with the BIDA etchings, that have obtained great success in France.

—Senator JONES, of Nevada, whose recent speech on inflation created so marked a sensation in the Senate, is said to be the possessor of the largest income of any person in America, if not in the world, his annual revenue amounting to $6,000,000. He is the owner of a silver mine more productive than any on earth. His part of the profits recently amounted to $250,000 a month, and have just been doubled by the discovery of a new vein. He is a bright, keen, generous, quick-witted man, and entertains with great hospitality and munificence, and with no ostentation.

—The author of *A Summer in Spain*, just published in London, says that "ex-King AMADEUS did not understand the people; he resolved upon improving them, and they did not wish to be improved; he wished to introduce Italian ways, and the proud Spaniards detested them. The Queen, too, totally disregarded the prejudices of the people. A Spaniard detests thrift, but the Queen asked the price of every thing before she would buy it; and the absence of ostentation in the royal household was resented as a token of meanness. The chief stumbling-block, however, between AMADEUS and the Spanish people was his ignorance of the language. Whether it was that King AMADEUS did not see the necessity of taking pains, certain it is that he never could express himself correctly and fluently in Castilian; and this was unpardonable in Spanish estimation, as implying either want of capacity or want of will."

—Recorder HACKETT has a courteous way of saying things that are not altogether lovely. A few days since, after directing a jury to find a boy guilty, which for some playful reason they declined to do, he blandly said: "The Court instructs you as to the law, not your mere private opinion. I have the pleasure of informing you that this boy is a thief; that you have made a mistake in choosing to find him not guilty. Your sympathies are misplaced." Or, as it has been said by a decided poet,

"The learned Recorder,
In luminous order,
Put the law like a logical reasoner;
The jury thought fit
To consider a bit,
And then they acquitted the prisoner."

—Mr. SUMNER's pictures at his house in Washington have been catalogued. There are ninety oil-paintings valued at $25,000, and 3000 engravings, photographs, etc., worth $25,000 more.

—It may be remembered that some time since Mr. JOSEPH SELIGMAN, a well-known Hebrew banker and gentleman of this city, and a few associates, established a "Professorship of Hebrew and Oriental Literature and History" in Cornell University. The trustees have called to the professorship Dr. ADLER, a graduate of Columbia College, in this city, and a son of the distinguished Rabbi ADLER. The appointment is in accordance with the declaration of the trustees that "persons of all religious sects, or of no religious sect, shall be equally eligible to all offices and appointments." The men who have thus far given over a million and a half of dollars to Cornell are of different denominations. Mr. CORNELL, the founder, is by education a Quaker; Mr. SAGE, who has given $300,000, is a Congregationalist; Mr. M'GRAW, a Methodist, has given $150,000; Mr. SIBLEY, who has given $90,000, is an Episcopalian; and another gentleman, who has given $100,000, is an Episcopalian of the Broad-Church school.

—Mr. NEIL GILMOUR, the new State Superintendent of Public Instruction, is a young Scotchman, a lawyer, and friend of Mr. BATCHELLER, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the Assembly. The contest in caucus for the nomination was as vigorous and as shrewdly worked as though the nomination had been for Governor of the State.

—Mr. FREDERICK W. SEWARD is writing a biography of his father, the late WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Mr. WEED, with whom he passed considerable time during the last winter, has made great progress with his own autobiography.

—Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, the young member of Congress from New Jersey whose brilliant speech on the franking privilege laughed that abuse into merited disrepute, has since surprised the House of Representatives by a second speech on a graver subject, the currency, which he treated with an amount of ability and an evidence of thorough study of the financial question which has won, as we see, the praises of many of the ablest masters of this difficult question. It is not often that a new member of the House, or, for that matter, an old one either, makes two hits in the House and in the country in the same session, or shows himself master alike of wit and ridicule and of grave and masterly handling of one of the most important and difficult subjects of legislation. Mr. PHELPS, whose public career has opened so auspiciously, is not, as many newspapers have reported, a member of the house of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. He is a son of the late JOHN J. PHELPS, long known in New York as one of its most successful merchants and enterprising capitalists. He graduated with honors at Yale, was for some years a successful member of the New York bar, but the management of his private estate drew him from the practice of the law, and a love of country life led him, while yet young at the bar, to New Jersey, where, in Bergen County, only eight or ten miles from New York, he owns a fine and compact estate of one thousand acres, to the improvement of which he has for a number of years given a good deal of attention, living upon it, and enjoying the planning and superintendence of extensive drainage-works and tree-planting and road-building. Mr. PHELPS has made himself a general favorite in Washington society by his social qualities this winter. As a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House, he at once took a prominent position from his thorough comprehension and study of the questions which came before that committee.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

BIOLOGICAL science has experienced a severe loss in the death, in January last, of Professor MAX SCHULTZE, Professor of Anatomy in Bonn. This gentleman occupied a very high position, being regarded as the first histologist of the day. For some of this popularity he was indebted to his charming personal qualities, which enabled him to win golden opinions even from those who could not appreciate his abilities as a scientist. His earliest production related to the fresh-water Turbellarian worms; his most important, probably, that on the foraminifera, in which he definitely proclaimed the doctrine of protoplasm as the basis of life, in the place of the doctrine of cell-structure. As a microscopist Professor SCHULTZE was unrivaled, and it is to him that we owe the treatment of substances by osmic acid and by iodized serum. Among the works of Professor SCHULTZE referred to by *The Academy* are papers on the cleavage of the frog's egg, on the minute structure of the electric organs of fishes, on the terminations of the olfactory nerve, on fibrillated structure of nerves and nerve corpuscles, on the movements of the diatomaceæ, etc.

Professor SCHULTZE is also well known as the founder and editor of the *Archiv*, which occupies so high a position among contemporary scientific periodicals.

Honors seem to cluster thickly round the head of Professor NEWCOMB, our eminent astronomer. We have already mentioned that the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been given him for his tables of Neptune and Uranus, published by the Smithsonian Institution, and now record the fact that the Paris Academy of Sciences, at its meeting in January, elected him to fill a vacancy among the correspondents in the astronomical section.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* reports the death, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of March, of Mr. STEPHEN HARRIS, a civil and mining engineer, and speaks of him as having already gained a name of much repute as an engineer.

The death of the Italian explorer MIANI was lately announced to the Geographical Society of Italy; and among his collections forwarded to the society were two living individuals of the Akka or Tikku-Tikki tribe, whom the traveler had purchased of the king, MUNZA. These individuals, of whom one is eighteen years old, and forty inches high, and the other sixteen, and thirty-one inches high, are stated by MIANI to belong to the race of dwarfs mentioned by HERODOTUS, and recently rediscovered by the German explorer SCHWEINFURTH, who described them carefully. They are pot-bellied, very thin limbed, and knock-kneed, with spherical and prognathous crania, very long limbs, copper skins, and crisp tow-like hair.

According to the Abbé DAVID, the Chinese river Hang-kiang, until lately almost unknown, is an important river of commerce, traversed by vessels of every size. A considerable portion, however, is difficult of navigation, owing to the existence of numerous rapids and many rocks.

The general meeting of the American Social Science Association will take place in New York about the 26th of May, when a large attendance is expected. Many interesting communications are looked for, including an address by the President, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; papers by Dr. WOOLSEY, Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, Dr. D. C. GILMAN, GARDINER G. HUBBARD, WILLARD C. FLAGG, Hon. CHARLES A. BUCKALEW, Dr. ALBERT DAY, F. B. SANBORN, and others.

In connection with this meeting a conference of the Boards of Public Charities in the United States, and another of the State Boards of Health, is proposed, and correspondence is now in progress in connection with these interests. The length of the meeting is fixed at four days, which will allow five papers for each day, giving half an hour to each paper, and half an hour to the corresponding discussion.

The *Academy* announces the death of two eminent French savants: Dr. LEGROS, who was poisoned in the course of some histological researches, and M. FERNAND PAPILLON, a well-known physiologist.

A bill (H. R., 2283) has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. PURMAN, for the purpose of encouraging tropical fruit culture in the State of Florida, which enacts that any persons who shall plant or cause to be planted, cultivate, and keep in a healthy growing condition for five years, five acres of orange-trees, lemon, citron, shaddock, grape fruit, mandarin, tangarin, guava, date, cocoa-nut, banana, plantain, mango, sapodilla, zapotamamel, tamarind, almond, Brazil-nut, pecan-nut, English walnut, olive, coffee, or other tropical fruit trees of any valuable variety, or pine-apples, the trees thereon being not more than thirty feet apart each way, on any forty-acre tract of any of the public lands of the United States, shall be entitled to hold the same after five years from the date of entry, on making proof of such fact by not less than two credible witnesses.

The annual report of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia announces the final completion of the labor upon which Mr. TRYON and his associates have been engaged for several years past, namely, the arranging, labeling, and mounting of a very extensive collection of shells belonging to the Academy. The total number by actual count is 14,161 species, in something less than 100,000 specimens. The collection is stated to be one of the finest extant. The librarian reports 1336 additions in the way of books during the year, of which 299 were volumes. Most of these were obtained by donation or exchange, a few, however, having been purchased. The announcement of additions to the museum is very meagre compared with some previous years, showing a condition of inactivity, due partly to the want of funds, and still more, perhaps, to the overcrowded state of the building and the impracticability of properly providing for what is already on hand. Of mammals some ten to fifteen specimens are recorded, six skins of birds, about forty-five jars of reptiles and fishes, fifteen skeletons, and six skulls of vertebrates, with a corresponding proportion of other groups. The largest additions in the zoological department have been of shells, as might be expected from the special activity in this direction on the part of certain members of the Academy.

The programme of the *Challenger*, in the way of future explorations after leaving Simon's Bay, South Africa, we understand, is as follows: Dredgings and temperature soundings are first to be made on Agulhas Bank; and Marion Island and the Crozets are then to be examined, the latter work with special reference to its occupation by the French as an observing station of the coming transit of Venus. Kerguelen's Island is next to be visited for the same purpose, and an exhaustive survey will be made for the benefit of such of the American and English parties as intend to visit it during the transit. The longitude of the island is to be determined very accurately by means of chronometrical measurement from the Cape, and again to Melbourne.

Macdonald Island will next be touched at, with a view of finding a harbor there, and likewise with reference to the transit of Venus expedition, after which the vessel will pass on to the Ice Barrier; thence sail will be made to Melbourne, to be reached by the end of March, and after examining the region a few days the vessel will proceed to Sydney, and, if necessary, dock there.

Leaving Sydney about the middle of May, 1874, a line of soundings will be made to New Zealand, and the Coral Sea and Torres Strait, etc., will be examined in August; while New Caledonia, New Guinea, Arafura Sea, Koepang in Timor, Java Sea, Macassar, Celebes, and Manilla will, it is expected, be successively visited by November. Then the doubtful islands of the South Pacific will be looked up, New Ireland and the Solomon and Pelew Islands visited, reaching Japan in March, 1875. From Japan the passage will be made across to Vancouver's Island, thence to Valparaiso, which will be left in the end of 1875; and passing through the Straits of Magellan to the Falkland Isles, the route will be by way of Rio Janeiro and Ascension to England, by the middle of 1876.

THE HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

THE contest for United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late CHARLES SUMNER, which will terminate March 3, 1875, resulted on the 17th of April in the election of the Hon. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, the present Governor of Massachusetts, whose portrait is given on page 372. Mr. WASHBURN was born in Winchendon, Massachusetts, January 31, 1820. He graduated at Yale College in the year 1844, and has since been engaged in manufacturing pursuits. He has for nearly a quarter of a century taken an active part in State and national politics. He served as a member of the State Senate in 1850, and of the Lower House in 1854. He has served three terms in Congress as a Representative from Massachusetts. He was first elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and served on the committees on Invalid Pensions and Roads and Canals. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the committees on Claims and Revolutionary Pensions. He was elected and served as a delegate to the Philadelphia "Loyalists' Convention" in 1866, and was again re-elected to serve in the Fortieth Congress. In 1871 he was elected Governor of his native State, and was re-elected in 1872, and again in 1873, to the same position.

The election of Mr. WASHBURN was effected by a compromise between the supporters of Mr. DAWES and those of Mr. HOAR, when it had become apparent that neither of these candidates could be chosen. The thirty-third and final ballot resulted as follows: Whole number of votes, 267; necessary to a choice, 134. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, 151; CURTIS, 64; DAWES, 26; ADAMS, 15; LORING, 4; BANKS, 4; WENDELL PHILLIPS, 1; STEPHEN N. GIFFORD, 1; JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1.

BENJAMIN PARKE AVERY.

BENJAMIN PARKE AVERY, the new minister to China, was born in New York city, and is now in his forty-fifth year. He is the son of SAMUEL PUTNAM AVERY, who came from Stratford, Connecticut, to New York, where he died in 1832. As a boy, Mr. AVERY manifested a taste for literature and the arts, and he went into the establishment of RAWDON, WRIGHT, & HATCH, bank-note engravers. He was about nineteen years of age when gold was discovered in California, to which place he emigrated in 1849, being among the earliest of the pioneers. He went through all of the vicissitudes of a miner's life, but continually pursuing his studies in literature, and frequently contributing to the press of the State. He first attracted public attention as the editor of the *Hydraulic Press*, published at North San Juan, raising this paper to a leading position among the weeklies of the State. In 1860 he founded the Marysville *Appeal*, the first daily paper published out of San Francisco, and which he controlled until 1863. Being an earnest antislavery man and a Republican, he did good service to the cause when it was unpopular and dangerous to do so. During this period he was elected State Printer, but the field of politics was not congenial to his disposition or literary tastes. On his retirement from the Marysville *Appeal* he became editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He was one of the founders of the San Francisco Art Association, in the interest of which he wrote and lectured frequently. His health failing through the severe labor attending the editing of a daily paper, he retired from that post a few months ago, and assumed the editorship of the *Overland Monthly*, to which he had been a constant contributor.

Mr. AVERY is married, but has no children. His mother, brother (S. P. AVERY, well known in art circles), and other relatives reside in New York. With the exception of a short visit to the East in 1866, he has never left his adopted State, where the news of his nomination has been received with great satisfaction. We give his portrait on page 372.

MONACO.

THE little principality of Monaco, consisting of a rocky promontory projecting into the Mediterranean about eight miles northeast of Nice, has reaped a golden harvest in consequence of the closing up of the great German gambling resorts. It does not possess more than three-quarters of a mile radius from its central point, and having no trade, could not exist but for the adventurers who flock to its gambling tables from every part of Europe. The population numbers about a thousand souls, and nearly five times that number of visitors crowd its hotels and lodging-houses during the fashionable season. The town is handsomely built; shops, hotels, cafés, and restaurants line all the streets, while the Casino, now the resort of those disciples of rouge-et-noir and roulette who have been driven out of Baden-Baden and Hombourg, is a very elegant and spacious structure. A revenue of not less than $1,000,000 per annum is derived from the gambling tables alone. The popular proverb of Monaco, "We live upon a rock; we neither sow nor reap, but we must live," sharply defines the morality, or rather immorality, of the inhabitants. An excellent view of the town, and sketches of the Casino, roulette table, and balcony will be found on page 372.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

JEM had offered Tom ten cents for his bag of white alleys and striped taws, and Tom, after chaffering, had consented to trade. But the operation must be a cash one; money down, and no credit. This was eventually conceded as the basis of the bargain, and Jem held out his hand for the marbles. "Money first," said Tom. "Marbles first," said Jem. "D'ye think I mean to cheat ye? say!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly. "Don't know," replied Jem; "ticklish times these; don't know who to trust, nor for how long, nowadays." "Well, then," said Tom, "there's Sam, there; you give him your money and I'll give him my bag of marbles, and when he's got 'em both I'll tell him to give you the marbles, and you'll tell him to give me the ten cents, and so that 'll be all right." "Agreed," said Jem, and "Agreed," said Sam; and the deposits were made. "Now hand over," said both of the traders, in a breath. But judge of their horror when Sam, pocketing both money and marbles, took to his heels, his head over his shoulder, and his thumb on his nose, as he ran, exclaiming to the astonished depositors, "Specie payment suspended!" Perhaps there wasn't "a run" on that bank!

Among the gifts of a bride was a broom, with the following:

"This trifling gift accept of me;
Its use I would commend:
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

"I'm dying for love," said a melancholy young man, pointing to his colored mustache.

Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted up in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment last week. He saw the card, and remarked, "I want a ten-dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply.

An ox that had been eating fermented grain, which was in preparation for making ale, became intoxicated, and was offered for sale by his owner as "corned" beef.

When a lady stands at the hymeneal altar with her intended, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

"What do you ask for this article?" inquired Obadiah of young Miss Miller. "Only twenty-five cents." "Ain't you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together can not pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, maister," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week?—Because all the rest are week days.

A clergyman out West has been found guilty by a church council of "not always handling the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity."

"While journeying by rail," says a traveler, "I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. 'I tell you this is a sleeping car, and you can't come in without a ticket.' 'Begorra, I had a ticket.' 'Where is it?' 'I've lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth?' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, be jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the 26th day of October, 1828.'"

THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem, Page 374.]

INDIAN BOYS BREAKING A PONY.—[See Page 381.]

TAKING TOLL.

THE road was new, and pleasant too,
By stream and forest winding;
The sky was fair, and every where
Surprises we were finding.
Said I, "'Tis queer! the toll-gate's near,
And you can not go by it
Without a kiss, my pretty miss."
Said she, "You'd better try it!"

I took the toll—a generous dole—
Despite her stout resistance.
Said she, "The rate is very great
For such a trifling distance."
"If so you say, take back the pay
To each minutest fraction;
For your sweet sake I'll gladly take
A lesson in subtraction."

She whispered, "Nay; your taking way
Has robbed me of a dozen;
But you're no kin, so don't begin
To prove yourself a cozen."
We journey on through shade and sun,
Regardless of the distance,
And every day the toll we pay
That sweetens our existence.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

MR. BAIN and his companion drove to the Great Northern Railway in silence, took their tickets for Hatfield, and started in the mid-day train with as brief exchange of words as was possible between them. In the railway carriage each gentleman had his newspaper, and each pretended to read it. One, the accuser, was cool enough, and was even able to take some interest in the markets and corn exchange, and other subjects that affected his own prosperity. He knew what lay before him. He was working out a scheme that had been deliberately concocted. He had sworn to have one of two things, Lady Perriam for his wife, or revenge. That Lady Perriam would ever be his wife seemed now beyond all hope, but he was going to have his revenge, and he was not ill satisfied with himself. Nor would self-interest be sacrificed in the indulgence of this fierce desire of unregenerate mankind. If he could prove Sylvia Perriam the criminal he believed her to be, he must needs remain the sole guardian of her child. There was no one to dispute that office with him, and the Court of Chancery would have no ground for ousting him. During Sir St. John's years of tutelage he, Shadrach Bain, would be to all intents and purposes the master of the Perriam estates.

To him, therefore, this journey was not a journey of despair. Yet some emotion the man must needs feel, if he was not a mere mechanical figure of some hard metal. He did feel a certain movement of the heart, an undefined sense of the awfulness of his errand. All that had happened to-day—Lady Perriam's horror-stricken countenance, her undisguised despair, her piteous entreaty to Edmund not to go with him to the mad-house—all had tended to confirm Mr. Bain in his belief that Sir Aubrey's death had been his wife's work, and that the prisoner to be unearthed to-day knew of the crime, and would proclaim it were his lips unsealed.

"I know what Joseph Ledlamb is pretty well," mused Mr. Bain, "and I know that he'd lend himself to the concealment of the vilest crime that was ever done upon earth if he was paid well enough for his silence. It shall be my task to let the light in upon his snug little home. Lady Perriam reckoned upon too much when she fancied she could make use of a tool of my providing."

Edmund sat in silence behind his paper, thinking deeply, but not so much of what lay before him as of that strange scene in the vestry. Vainly did he strive to account for Sylvia's agitation upon any ground consistent with innocence. The despairing accents of her farewell still rang in his ear. Had she been guiltless, would she have feared his desertion? Could she, who knew the depth of his love, suppose that their parting would be final? Yet if guilty, what was the nature of her guilt?

That it was the hideous crime suggested by Shadrach Bain he did not for an instant imagine. Even had he been capable of believing in the infamy of the woman he loved, Sylvia's denial would have assured him of her innocence, at least upon this one point. Truth had spoken in her tones—truth had glorified her countenance in that one supreme moment when with uplifted eyes and hands raised to Heaven she had asserted her innocence.

That she had committed an act of cruelty and injustice in sending Mordred Perriam to the dreary imprisonment of a private lunatic asylum was just possible, and that she was smitten with shame at the revealment of this wrong. Alas! Edmund Standen knew but too well that this enchantress, for whose sake he had made so many sacrifices, was not altogether stainless—that she was not free from the taint of selfishness. She might have been glad to get rid of a troublesome dependent—to clear her house of a tiresome old man. She might so far be culpable.

What should he do if he found that it was so; that she had allowed eccentricity to be treated as lunacy; that she had betrayed the trust left her by her husband, and had banished Mordred unnecessarily from the house of his own fathers? What should he do? Blame, reprove, and then forgive her; take her to his heart again, with all her errors on her head, and make it the business and duty of his life to reform and elevate her character.

This was the lover's resolve. He would set right the wrong she had done, and then forgive her. Even her sin should not part them.

At Hatfield Mr. Bain hired a fly, and after a good deal of talk with the driver, contrived to make him understand the direction in which he required to be conveyed. At first the flyman asserted that he never heard tell of no place within twenty miles called the Arbor. But after profound rumination and scratching his stubbly hairs a little, opined that he did remember having had such a place pointed out to him on Crupskew Common, and "might it be a 'ouse where they took folks that was a trifle cranky?"

"That is the place," replied Mr. Bain; "drive us there as fast as you can."

"It's a seven-mile drive," remarked the man, dubiously, "fourteen mile there and back, and my fare will be fourteen shillings."

"I shall not dispute your fare."

"And somethink for myself?"

"If you drive quickly there and back I'll give you a crown," said Edmund, eager to end the discussion.

"Very well, Sir; you can't say fairer than that. Jump in. Only it's jest as well to avide disputes afterwards, yer see, and it's a wicked road betwixt here and Crupskew Common."

The man drove off at a smartish pace, and the occupants of his vehicle were soon made acquainted with the wickedness of the road. Noble prospects and rustic beauty may abound in the environs of Hatfield, but the road to the Arbor hugged the ugliness of the land. It lay in narrow lanes, and by the margent of waste patches of swampy level, where the sour land grew nothing but rush or thistle, dock or dandelion; by black and dismal water-pools; by scrubby groves of bare and stunted trees; by meandering ditches, across which pollard willows leaned sidelong, extending scraggy arms, like the octopus—such a landscape as that in which Macbeth and Banquo met the weird sisters. Yet no; Scotland would not furnish such small and insignificant ugliness. Her dreariest landscape owns the grandeur of size—over her most dismal plains the shadow of some distant mountain looms in rugged nobility, and the wind from wild deer-walks rushes across the barren level like the breath of the great goddess Nature.

The scenery grew more hopelessly barren as the travelers approached the end of their journey. Crupskew Common was a desolate flat, whose dull surface of soddened turf was varied here and there by a patch of stagnant water, here and there enlivened by a despondent-looking donkey, dragging some clog or fetter at its hind-legs—a convict donkey, condemned to penal servitude for life, if one might judge by his look and manner. On one side of the common was a narrow road, and along this the flyman drove till he came to a gate in a dilapidated fence, behind which appeared the windows of a square plaster-fronted house, which may have originally belonged to some tenant-farmer in a small way—a house to which neither wealth nor taste had added a single charm—the barest shell of a habitation, less habitable-looking than a gypsy's tent.

"This is the place I've heard folks call the Arbor," said the flyman, pointing to the dwelling with a disparaging turn of his whip.

In confirmation of his statement appeared an inscription in white paint on the slate-colored door:

"THE ARBOR.—DR. LEDLAMB."

"Wait for us," said Mr. Bain to the driver, as he and his companion alighted. "Now, Mr. Standen," he said, turning to Edmund, while they waited for the opening of the gate, "it is for you or for me to get this old man's secret out of him. That he has a secret, and one that will criminate Lady Perriam, is a fact upon which I am ready to stake every farthing I have in the world."

"I am here to see to the bottom of your scheme, Sir," answered Edmund, sternly. "I believe nothing you assert, I admit nothing. I am here as Lady Perriam's husband to see her righted."

"You had better see Mordred Perriam righted first," returned Mr. Bain, with a sneer.

The door was opened after some delay by a slovenly maid-servant, who seemed loath to admit the visitors. It was not till Mr. Bain had told her that they were friends of Lady Perriam's that she abandoned her jealous guardianship of the threshold, and let them pass into the garden.

Such a garden—a waste of weeds and mould and rough moss-grown gravel—a patch of grass that might once have been a smiling lawn, a damp and ancient willow weeping over a shrunken pond, on whose muddy bosom two dirty ducks disported themselves; a wilderness of pot-herbs on one side, where the cheap and fertile scarlet runner ruled dominant, and the vegetable marrow sprawled its tough tendrils and flung its bloated yellow gourds upon the weedy waste.

"I don't know as master will allow you to see Mr. Peeram," said the girl; "but I'll ask, if you'll be so good as to step into the drawin'-room."

The visitors complied with this request, and were forthwith ushered into an apartment which made some pretension to gentility. The walls were blotched with damp, and stained with mildew. The atmosphere was earthy, but the circular table boasted a gayly colored cover, and was further adorned with a green glass inkstand, a papier-maché blotting-book, and a photograph album. An ancient cottage piano stood against one wall, a feeble old sofa faced it, a cheap print or two hinted at Dr. Ledlamb's taste for art. The room was in rigid order, and was evidently held sacred to the reception of visitors.

Here the steward and Edmund Standen waited for about a quarter of an hour, which seemed longer to both. There were footsteps in the room above, and a running up and down stairs, which might indicate confusion and preparation of some kind, but Mr. Ledlamb did not appear.

"Are these people going to keep us here all day?" exclaimed Edmund, impatiently.

He went over to the fire-place and rang the bell—not an easy thing to do, for the wire was loose, and his first efforts only produced a distant jangling sound.

"What a house!" he exclaimed. "What desolation and decay in every thing!"

This aspect of misery grieved his soul. It would be harder now to forgive Sylvia's sin. That she had placed her brother-in-law under medical restraint, deprived him of actual liberty, he, Edmund Standen, might have schooled himself to pardon. But he had expected to find her victim surrounded by all temporal comforts, in the care of a medical man of position and reputation, whose name alone would be a guarantee for the patient's good treatment.

To find him here—in this abode of misery—in a house on which abject poverty had set its mark! This was indeed a blow, and the young man—he who a few hours ago had been a proud and happy lover—turned his back upon Shadrach Bain and shed tears at the thought of that callous selfishness which had abandoned a harmless old man to such an existence as life in Dr. Ledlamb's rural retreat.

No answer came to the bell. There was a window down to the ground, opening directly on the weedy path that had once been a lawn.

"I'll wait no longer," said Mr. Standen, who had brushed away the traces of his tears, and hoped his weakness had escaped the eye of Shadrach Bain. "I'll explore this wretched hole for myself. You can come with me or not as you please, Mr. Bain."

The maid-servant appeared at the door just as Edmund opened the window.

"Oh, if you please, Sir," she said, in a gasp, "I'm very sorry, but I made a mistake in allowing you to come in. Missus says Mr. Ledlamb is up in London attending to his business there, and it's against his rule for patients' friends to be admitted without an appointment, except it's the friend which placed the patient in his care. And if you'll please to write and ask for an appointment, Mr. Ledlamb will let you know when you can see Mr. Peeram, providing you has Lady Peeram's lief. Mr. Ledlamb 'olding hisself responsible to Lady Peeram, and no one else."

The girl stumbled slowly through this message, which had evidently been laboriously imprinted upon her mind, for she tried back when she had finished, and went over a good bit of it again, like a musical box.

"I'll ask for an appointment by-and-by," answered Edmund; "but while I am here I'll take a look round your place."

"Oh, if you please, Sir, you mustn't go out into the garding," said the girl, with a frightened look; "it's against the rules."

"Come, Mr. Bain," said Edmund, heedless of this remonstrance.

He went out of the window, followed by the steward.

"Oh, if you please, you mustn't," gasped the girl, in much alarm; and then, finding her appeal unheeded, she rushed out of the room, stole up stairs, crying, "Missus, missus, they've gone out in the garding, and Mr. Peeram's there with Sammy in the preamberlater."

CHAPTER LXIV.

MR. LEDLAMB'S PATIENT.

MR. STANDEN's first act on getting out into the open was to take a survey of the house, thinking that Mr. Ledlamb's prisoner might in all probability be looking out of one of the windows. But the windows were all blank. Two of the upper casements were guarded by bars, doubtless with the view of preventing the escape of any desperate patient who might be inclined to emulate Jack Shepherd's evasion from Newgate.

"Come round the garden," said Mr. Bain. "From that girl's anxiety, I'll be bound he's somewhere out here."

They crossed the grass to the stagnant pond where ducks and duckweed flourished, and where the ancient willow wept the desolation of the scene. That willow was the one bit of shelter in all that arid waste of garden, and between the drooping branches Mr. Bain's keen eye had discerned some object that looked like a human figure.

He made for this spot, therefore, followed closely by Edmund. The willow was on the opposite side of the water. They went quickly round the edge of the pool, Mr. Bain always in advance. Yes, there was some one under the tree—a child's shrill voice sounded as they approached, an old man's piping tones answering.

Mr. Bain parted the willow branches and looked into the natural arbor.

An old man was seated in a dilapidated wheel-chair, an infant by his side in an equally dilapidated perambulator, and both these helpless objects were under the care of a tall, lanky-looking girl about eleven years old.

Shadrach Bain, not wont to display violent emotions, drew back with a loud cry, and the ruddy tints of his sunburned face faded to a sickly white.

"Sir Aubrey Perriam!" he cried, aghast.

"What do you mean?" asked Edmund, in a hoarse whisper, seizing the agent by the shoulder.

Mr. Bain did not answer him, but crept under the willow, and bent over the old man, taking his hand, and looking into his face.

"Sir Aubrey, don't you know me? I'm your old steward, Shadrach Bain, come to fetch you out of this wretched hole, come to take you back to life."

"Yes, to life," answered the old man, in senile tones. "They made believe I was dead; they told me to my face that I was not Aubrey but Mordred. They put me in Mordred's rooms, and kept me shut up there, and told me it would be worse for me if I called myself Sir Aubrey Perriam. Who was it that did this?" with a pained look and a wilder tone. "Not my wife—oh no! not my wife; not my pretty Sylvia. She was beautiful and good. She could never have been so cruel to me."

"Never mind who did it, Sir Aubrey. It is all over now. No one will dare to deny your name when I am by your side. Good God! what a scheme for a woman to invent—for a woman to execute. I see it all now. It was Mordred who died, and that woman made the world believe it was her husband. I wish you joy of your plighted wife, Mr. Standen," added the agent, turning to Edmund, who leaned against the sill, white as death.

The old man clung to Shadrach Bain like a child who has been restored to the nurse he loves.

"Yes, I know, I know," he muttered; "you are Bain—a good servant, a faithful servant. Take me away from this place; this dull, cold, cheerless place. They don't beat me; they're not very unkind to me; but they're poor, and every thing is comfortless. Carter was always good; but she is ill now, and I'm left with Sammy and Clara; and Clara calls me Mr. Perriam, and laughs at me when I tell her my right name is Sir Aubrey."

Clara was the tall girl who stood behind the wheel-chair knitting a baby's sock.

"That's his fancy," she said, sharply; "when he first went out of his mind he took it into his head that he was his elder brother—the one that died. It was his brother's death that turned his brain, father says."

"His brain is no more turned upon some points than yours, my girl," answered Mr. Bain. "His intellect was weakened by a stroke of paralysis, but he's clear enough at times. He has been used very badly, and I mean to take him away from here without loss of time."

"You can't do that," said the girl, promptly: "father won't let you."

"I shall not ask your father's leave," replied Shadrach Bain. "You will stand by me, won't you, Mr. Standen?"

"Yes, I will do what I can to see this poor old man righted," answered Edmund, gloomily.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Carter, the nurse?" asked Mr. Bain.

"Inflammation of the lungs. She was took bad a fortnight ago, and father got her round a bit at first; but he says the cough has settled on her chest, and she'll never get over it. She's awful bad. We were afraid last night she'd hardly have lived till this morning."

"If you want to know the particulars of this business, you'd better stop and question Mrs. Carter," said Mr. Bain to Edmund. "She has been in it from first to last. She was Lady Perriam's prime confidante and adviser."

"I'll see her," answered Edmund, "unless you want my help in getting Sir Aubrey away."

He had been gazing at the old man's face with earnest scrutiny to assure himself that this was indeed the elder and not the younger brother—that he was not being made the dupe of some juggling of Mr. Bain's. That scrutiny left no doubt on his mind. This was verily Sir Aubrey Perriam, Sylvia's husband. Strong as had been the resemblance between the brothers, there was just sufficient individuality in the face to make Edmund Standen very sure upon this point.

"I only want you to go as far as the carriage with us," said Mr. Bain, "and then you can return and see Mrs. Carter. But don't commit yourself by any promise to condone her share in this conspiracy."

"If she is dying, it can matter little whether her crime is condoned."

"If—but it is just possible she may be no nearer death than I am. We can get Sir Aubrey to the gate in this chair. He used to be able to walk a little, but perhaps he's weaker now. It will be easy to lift him into the carriage between us. I shall take him to a hotel at Hatfield, and keep him there till he can be moved comfortably back to Perriam."

"But you mustn't take him away!" shrieked Miss Ledlamb. "I'll run and tell mother."

She sped off on this somewhat futile errand, leaving the baby squalling in the perambulator, appalled by the sudden solitude. When she came back, followed by Mrs. Ledlamb (a timid-looking matron, who had been all this time trying to make herself presentable to the eye of strangers), Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain had just driven off in the fly, and Edmund Standen was quietly approaching the house.

"He's gone, mar," screamed Clara; "they've took him clean away."

Mrs. Ledlamb began to cry.

"Your father will say it's my fault," she screamed, piteously, "but what could I do? I wasn't fit to be seen when they came, and was just getting myself a little bit tidy when you ran in to say they were going. And there's all our income gone at one swoop, for he was your par's only patient, and goodness knows when he'll get another. I'm sure I tremble when I think what he'll say to me."

"It wasn't your fault, mar. You couldn't have stopped them if you'd been dressed ever so. They'd have taken him away by main force. There's one of the gentlemen; you'd better ask him what they mean by it."

Mr. Standen, being timorously interrogated upon this point, would give no definite answer.

"There has been a great wrong done," he

said, gravely. "I can not tell what knowledge your husband may have had of that wrong, but I know that the first step toward setting it right was to get that poor old man out of this house."

"I'm sure he's been treated kindly," whimpered Mrs. Ledlamb, "and if he says he isn't, he's a deceiving old thing. He's had every indulgence. Sago puddings that I've made for *him* with my own hands, and mutton broth and all kinds of delicacies. I'm sure he's been treated like the family, and we've all of us borne with his worrying nonsense when he said he was not himself but his brother. Clara has had the patience of an angel with him."

Mr. Standen asked to see the nurse, Mrs. Carter, and after some difficulty, by means of a good deal of persuasion and a gift of a five-pound note to Mrs. Ledlamb as consolation under the sudden loss of income, he obtained permission to go up to the attic where the sick woman was lying.

"She's very bad," said Mrs. Ledlamb. "I sat up with her half last night, thinking she was going, but it's a harassing, deceiving complaint, and I dare say she'll go on lingering ever so long, a burden to herself and others."

Mrs. Carter, otherwise Mrs. Carford, lay on her narrow bed facing the casement through which the westering sun streamed with soft, yellow light. She was the very shadow—the pale ghost—of that Mrs. Carter who had been seen at Perriam a month ago. The bright brown eyes looked larger than of old, larger than they had seemed even in her days of semi-starvation, when she came a suppliant to Hedingham school-house.

Yet, even now, with that deadly brightness, they were like Sylvia's eyes. Edmund perceived the resemblance at once. He sat quietly down by the bedside, and took her hand. She looked at him at first with a dull indifference, thinking he was some strange doctor who had been brought to see her. Then a gleam of recognition flashed into her eyes. She remembered a face she had seen in a photograph Sylvia had shown her—the face of her daughter's first lover.

"Is Sylvia—is Lady Perriam here?" she asked.

"No, but if there is any thing on your mind—any thing you wish to tell before you are called away—you need not fear to tell me. Whatever wrong you have done is now past atonement upon earth. Try to secure God's pity by a late repentance. Do not carry the secret of your sin to the grave."

"The wrong I did was not done for my own sake, but for another. If I tell the truth, it is she who will suffer."

"If you are speaking of Lady Perriam, be assured that nothing you can tell me can affect her injuriously. In the first place, her secret is already known, and, in the second place, I should be the last to use any knowledge to her disadvantage."

"What! is it known already?" cried Mrs. Carter, agitated. "I knew that it must come to light sooner or later, that such a sinful thing could not long be hidden. But so soon! That it should all be discovered so soon! How did it happen? Who came here?"

"Do not trouble yourself about details. You are too weak to bear much emotion. Sir Aubrey has been found, and he is in safe hands. Let that content you."

"And she—Lady Perriam?"

"Are you so deeply interested in her welfare?"

"More deeply than you imagine," answered Mrs. Carter, with a sigh.

"You are related to her, perhaps. I saw a likeness in your face to hers the moment I entered this room."

"We are related by the nearest ties that kindred owns. Lady Perriam is my daughter."

"What! You are the mother of whom she spoke to me with such affection, for whose sake she married Sir Aubrey Perriam?"

"Did she tell you that?"

"Yes, she told me that you were in abject poverty—almost starving—and that her only chance of helping you was by a marriage with a rich man."

"It was true—I was in abject poverty—and, after her marriage she relieved me with an occasional remittance. But I have every reason to believe that at that time she was ignorant of our relationship. I accepted her alms as an act of pure benevolence from one who knew not that I was more to her than a stranger."

"But she did help you."

"She did. And when she had the opportunity of giving me lasting employment and a home as Sir Aubrey's nurse she sent for me."

"She employed you as a servant in her house?"

"Yes, the position was one of servitude, but she did not make it degrading. I lived apart from the other servants, and I was near her. That to me was exquisite happiness, until—"

"Until what?"

"Until she tempted me to aid her in a sinful act, a wicked act, which poisoned my life and hers. You, of all men, should be merciful in your judgment of her, for it was her fatal love for you that urged her to commit that sin."

"May God deal as mercifully with her as my thoughts," said Edmund, deeply moved.

"You will think less hardly of her, perhaps, if you know all; but it is a wicked story, and I hate myself for the weakness that made me help in that evil work. Since I have been in this house, with the fear of death before my eyes, I have written an account of all that happened at Perriam Place. Dare I trust you as a Roman Catholic would trust his father confessor? Will you promise to make no use of that information against Sylvia?"

"Against her! You do not know how blindly, how utterly, I have loved her. If her love for me has been fatal, mine has been fatal too; and it has been thorough, which hers never was. Whatever power I have to shield her from the consequences of her guilt shall be used to the utmost. But, alas! I fear that power is of the smallest."

"Where is she now?"

"In London, with her father."

"Lose no more time here, then, but go back to her. Tell her that all is discovered."

"She must know that, for she knew where we were coming when we left her this morning. But I will go back and see if I can be of any use, though it will be hard to see her face again."

"Do not trust her father's kindness in the hour of misfortune. Take my keys and open that desk in the chest of drawers." The feeble hand groped under the pillow and drew out a small bunch of keys. "The smallest key belongs to the desk." Edmund obeyed. "You see a roll of papers?"

"Yes."

"Take those with you and go."

"Can not I do any thing for you? Have you proper medical attendance, good nursing?"

"Yes, these people do all they can; but my doom is sealed. Go to her; you may save her from despair."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Saturday, 25.—St. Mark the Evangelist.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Friday, 1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday, 3.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 10.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 14.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 17.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday, 24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Friday, 1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), Louisville, Kentucky.
Friday, 1.—General Conference Methodist Protestant Church, Lynchburg, Virginia.
Thursday, 7.—Southern Baptist Convention, Jefferson, Texas.
Wednesday, 20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday, 21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday, 21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Thursday, 21.—Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, Springfield, Missouri.
Friday, 22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday, 27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

THE two great Methodist Churches, North and South, can boast of each having a minister remarkable for age and unusual length of service. The Southern patriarch, Dr. LOVICK PIERCE, father of one of the bishops, is in his ninetieth year, and still preaches with great vigor. His last birthday was celebrated by a dinner at which were present thirty of his family circle, "running out far into the fourth generation." "We feasted," says the good old man, "on one of the finest dinners ever given to me as a birthday festival; drank nothing but water, enjoyed life, and closed the day by the baptism of my last-born great-granddaughter." The Northern Methodist compeer of Dr. PIERCE is the Rev. HENRY BOEHM, now in his ninety-ninth year, who a few weeks ago attended the Newark Conference at Paterson. He was requested by his Conference, in case he should survive till its next session, to preach a centenary sermon. Mr. BOEHM is still capable of making public addresses, and expresses himself in simple and forcible language.

"Our beloved friends from America," as the Scotch term Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, are still having the unparalleled success which has attended their labors since November last. In Glasgow large meetings of young men have recently been held. One at the City Hall on a recent Sunday was attended by 3000 persons; on the evening of the same day four simultaneous meetings of young men were held in different parts of the city, averaging 1200 each. Mr. SPURGEON has been stirred up to preach to the young men of his congregation, and 25,000 copies of his sermon have been distributed throughout Scotland. Christians of all the Protestant Churches appear to be interested in these services.

Cable reports announce that the Bishop of Pernambuco, who was sentenced to four years' imprisonment with labor, has been pardoned by the Brazilian government, and also that Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI, of Posen, has been sentenced for contumacy to dismissal from his see.

The Boston *Pilot* has expressed a very proper indignation against the mob who recently murdered the Rev. JOHN L. STEPHENS in Ahualulco; but as much can not be said of some other organs of the Roman Catholic faith. Thus the *Catholic Review* of April 18 says:

"The provocation to Catholic parents, who, by the action of a so-called 'liberal' government, see the wolf of heresy let loose to ravage at will among their young, is certainly very great, and can not be accurately measured by men who, having no faith, can complacently talk the cant of liberalism. It is no answer to such complaints as Mexican Catholics can justly make of the insolence of sending them heretical teachers to instruct them in the Christian faith to say that Catholic '"peripatetic colporteurs" are welcome to travel wherever they please, and, were a Protestant Congress to secularize Protestant church property, Protestants would not set to murdering innocent Catholics for it.'"

The *Catholic Standard* thinks that Protestants would, under like circumstances, do what the mob in Ahualulco did. It says:

"Submission would cease to be a virtue, and our streets would run red with the blood of slaughtered Catholics. And, forsooth, it is a terrible crime for a Roman Catholic community to resist encroachments upon its rights!"

There can be but one opinion of the killing of Mr. STEPHENS. The murdering of missionaries, whether Protestant or Catholic, for no other offense than the propagation of their faith, will always be visited, as it deserves to be, with the condemnation of the civilized world. The Sunday-school connected with the Congregational church in Petaluma, California, of which Mr. STEPHENS had been superintendent, held an appropriate memorial service on Sunday, March 22. He had grown up in this church, and was greatly beloved by its members. Among the rest, it was said of him that he "could not be satisfied with the labor expended in his own church, but took charge of the Sunday-school of the colored church of the city, and made it a means of good to that neglected people."

Boston is about to follow the example of London, and to establish a "Hospital Sunday," on which collections shall be taken in aid of the hospitals of the city. The second Sunday in May will be probably selected for this purpose. The Massachusetts General Hospital gives relief to fifteen thousand persons annually; about fifteen hundred of these are admitted to the house, four-fifths of them without charge. This institution has been compelled to overrun its receipts to the extent of $20,000. The New England Hospital for Women and Children spends annually $20,000, of which $9000 only are contributed by patients. The Children's Hospital is supported almost wholly from voluntary contributions. The other hospitals of the city are in a like condition of need. There is every reason why there should be a "Hospital Sunday" in every considerable city of the United States. The other cities of England are in this respect following the example of London.

The Brooklyn Presbytery have again had under their consideration Miss SMILEY's labors in the Lafayette Avenue Church (Dr. CUYLER's). It should be premised that the General Assembly of 1832 made a deliverance forbidding public speaking in the churches before promiscuous audiences by women. This deliverance is still held to be in force. Miss SMILEY having in December last given a series of Bible lessons in the Lafayette Avenue Church, which were announced as for ladies only, but were attended to some extent by men, the Presbytery decided that they were a violation of the directions of the General Assembly. In the *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia it is stated that the men in attendance "were not regarded in any other respect than as escorts, and therefore could be called present only in a Pickwickian sense." Dr. CUYLER has objected to the Presbytery's decision, and has asked that it be rescinded. At a meeting on the 14th of April the whole subject was reconsidered by the Presbytery, when the former action was re-adopted, but all intention of censuring Lafayette Avenue Church was disclaimed. The following questions and resolution were then presented, and referred to a committee, to report upon hereafter:

"In view of the decision just made by this Presbytery, is it proper for a woman in one of our missions or church Sunday-schools to teach by expounding the Scriptures to a class of male scholars or a promiscuous class of scholars?

"Is it proper for a woman to take charge of an infant class, and before the parents, male and female, of the children, and other strangers, who may be present, teach, pray, and expound the Scriptures?

"*Resolved*, That this Presbytery does not construe the deliverance of the General Assembly of 1832 as now binding upon the churches in the interpretation that women shall not be allowed to speak and pray at meetings held in an orderly manner for prayer and exhortation or for study of the Word of God, even if the meetings are attended by men as well as women."

The signs of war to the last extremity between the Church and Germany, Austria, and Italy multiply on every hand. Thirteen priests of Nancy have been imprisoned for fourteen days each for publishing their bishop's pastoral; the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce del Verita*, of Rome, have both been sequestrated by the Italian government. The text of the Pope's Encyclical to the Austrian bishops has appeared. He exhorts them to oppose most strenuously the new ecclesiastical laws, and declares the Church to be free from all interference by the civil power. In referring to the Allocution of June 22, 1868, he reminds the bishops that he declared the ecclesiastical laws of that date invalid, and intimates that he will also declare invalid those now under consideration in the Reichsrath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEXT August the people of Iceland will celebrate two important events. The King of Denmark has recently granted to his island subjects a somewhat liberal constitution, which practically gives to the people the right of self-government, and this constitution goes into effect on the 1st of August. The second day of the same month has been selected for the celebration of the millennial anniversary of Iceland's colonization. It has been suggested that some token of American sympathy with the August jubilee of these remote islanders would be very appropriate. It is therefore proposed to present to the principal public library of Iceland a little collection of American books. This library is situated at Reikiavik, the capital, and the seat of the Icelandic college. It now contains about ten thousand volumes, among which are very few American books. In Iceland a great deal of attention is given to general education, and it is very rare to find a person who can not both read and write. Many of the people also read English.

We see it stated as an opinion in the *Journal of Chemistry* that hydrate of chloral is a safe article for any intelligent physician to employ; that while it is useless to give it to relieve pain, it produces a sound, refreshing sleep when used in cases of nervous wakefulness, and it does not lose its influence when persistently employed.

The *Bothnia*, a new Cunarder lately launched on the Clyde, is one of the most elegant and spacious ocean steamers ever constructed. She is upward of 4500 tons burden, is 425 feet long on deck, has a breadth of beam of 42¾ feet, and is 36 feet deep, having ample accommodations for 1100 passengers—300 in the cabin and 800 in the steerage. The *Scythia*, corresponding in size to the *Bothnia*, is being built in the same yard. The present fleet of the Cunard Company consists of forty-nine steam-ships.

There seems some reason to fear that the days of lobster-salad are numbered. On the coast of Maine, where lobster fishing is extensively carried on, much anxiety is felt in regard to this matter from the fact that great quantities of young lobsters are taken. It is said to be impossible to obtain a full-sized lobster at any time of the season. In 1873 no less than 80,000 tons of lobsters were taken on the coast of Maine. A bill is to be brought before the Legislature by which this fishery will be regulated during eight months of the year, leaving only the time from April 1 to August 1 for entirely free fishing. This species is also becoming scarce on the Massachusetts coast—a circumstance not so strange when we know that one firm in Boston recently received an order for 40,000 dozen cans of lobsters to be sent to California.

Have they no Bergh in France? If not, one seems much needed, if some statements we have recently seen are true. It is said that in the Rue de la Pontain, in Paris, there is an establishment where stray dogs are incarcerated. If not called for after a few days, they are allowed to starve to death. Such a barbarous method of destroying dogs should not be suffered to exist in a civilized country.

A fossil bird with teeth has lately been discovered in the clay of Sheppey, England. It has never before been proved that any bird was possessed of teeth.

The library of Strasburg is richer than before it was burned. During the past year it has received an addition of 80,000 volumes, so that it now contains in all about 300,000 volumes. Nearly half of the added books were purchased, and the remainder obtained through public and private donation.

At a meeting of the Swedish Medical Society in Stockholm, the case of a young man was reported who had exhibited symptoms of arsenical poisoning. He had suffered in a similar way a year previously, but was entirely cured by traveling. The attention of the physician was directed to the peculiar color of the carpet in the patient's room, it being a grayish-green. He became suspicious, and had a piece examined chemically, and it was found to contain a considerable quantity of arsenious acid. A new carpet was substituted, and the patient recovered completely without further treatment.

A very pleasant entertainment at Steinway Hall a few evenings since closed the eighth year of the New York Evening High School, when a large and appreciative audience listened to a number of very creditable original essays by pupils of this institution. An interesting feature was the distribution of prizes for proficiency in the several departments. The committee of award consisted of Commissioner A. J. Mattewson, Judge Abraham R. Lawrence, and Henry Kiddle, Esq., City Superintendent of Public Schools. Maurice Stransky was awarded the Principal's Prize, a handsome gold medal, for composition and oratory. For the past two years this flourishing school has been under the management of Mr. Jared S. Babcock, to whose tact, ability, and energy its increasing popularity and usefulness may be in a great measure justly attributed.

Old Scotch gardeners say that owing to some mysterious change of climate Scotland is becoming every year less productive in fruits.

The city of St. Louis proposes to add to its attractions a spacious park, which will include 1300 acres, and cost about $1,300,000.

There is great lack of care in the use of matches, which is believed to result in frequent fires. Not only are half-extinguished matches thrown carelessly away, but if the light-giving end fails to respond to the impatient scratch, it is tossed into some receptacle, from which it is carried with other rubbish into the general household reservoir for waste paper and bits and ends of all sorts. What wonder that these ends sometimes meet with a little attrition, and kindle an unwelcome fire?

A very successful colony of Alsacians has been founded at Acib-Zamoun, Algeria. It numbers three hundred and fifty-six. A piano-forte was lately carried there, and excited the greatest delight, especially when it was used to accompany French patriotic melodies.

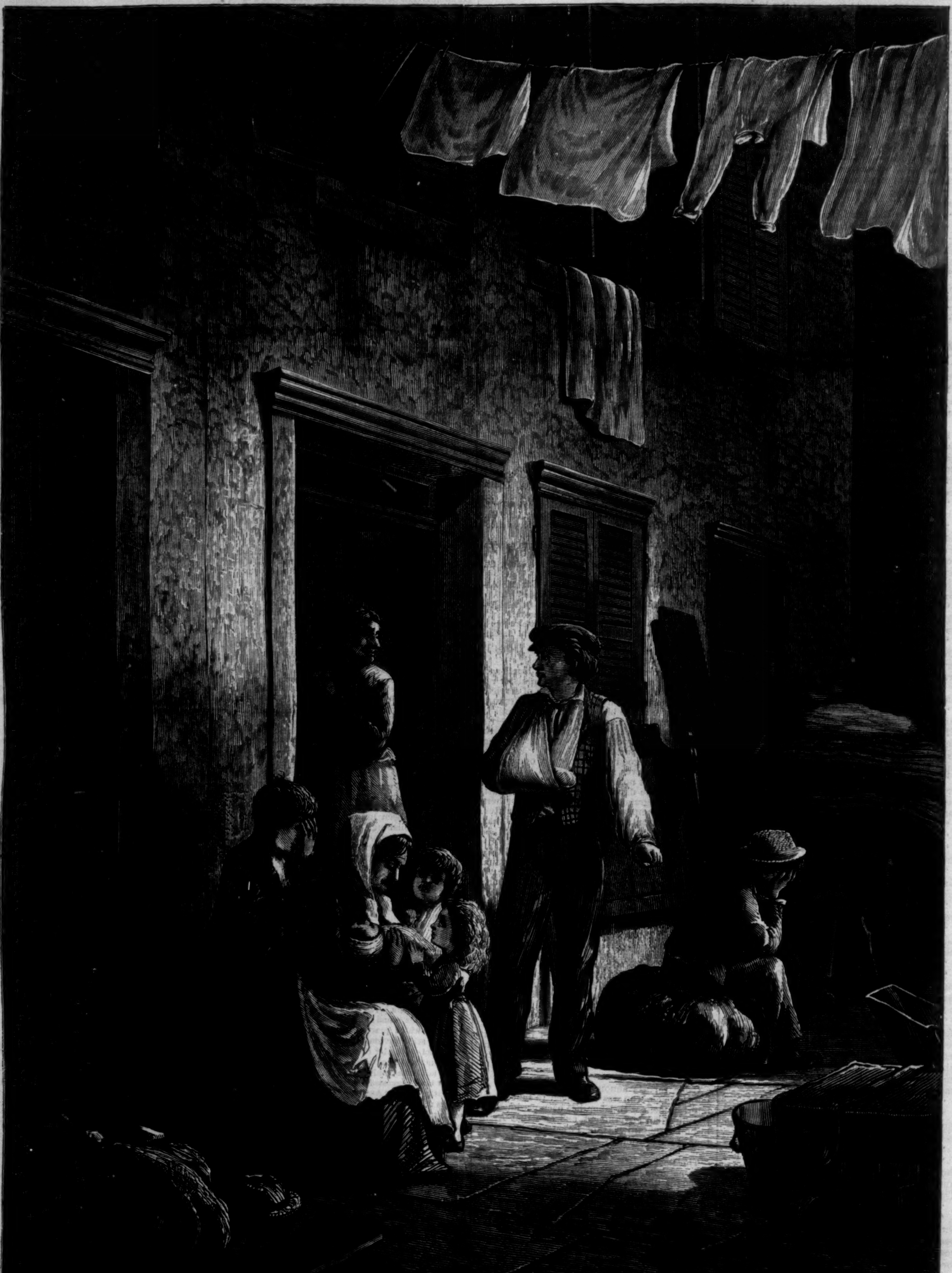
It is a wonder that any body manages to live at all, considering the frightful dangers that lurk around. If one escapes the deleterious effect of evil adulterations in bread, tea, coffee, and wine, and the poisons in pickles, sirups, and even in water, he may yet fall a victim to the malaria-breathing bricks of which his house is made! for one Dr. Corner, of London, has discovered that the table refuse of housekeepers thrown into the dust-bin subsequently may enter into the manufacture of bricks, and that the process of baking does not eliminate the deleterious particles of putrid matter. Thus the walls of a man's house are perpetually breathing malaria.

The Duke of Brunswick, by his last will and testament, has greatly perplexed his executors. He charged them to raise a monument to him at Geneva after the pattern of the Scaligers' monument at Verona. But that monument having been especially designed for the place in which it was erected, can not be made to accord with the sites offered in Geneva. In this dilemma the executors have called upon the celebrated French architect, M. Viollet le Duc, to examine the sites in Geneva and pronounce upon them.

The *Nation* thinks that "the best celebration of the hundredth anniversary in which the nation can indulge is a return to honesty and common-sense by a resumption of specie payments."

The Galena (Illinois) *Gazette* tells a curious story. On a recent Sunday afternoon the *Gate City*, the first boat of the season, landed at its wharf in that city, whither a large crowd of people were attracted. The superintendent of a certain Sunday-school noticed the crowd on his way to his school, and mentally sighed at the thought that many of his flock might be there. He was, however, delighted to find teachers and scholars all in their accustomed places, and presently addressed them, saying that he was proud that not even the first boat of the season had drawn away one of them. The *Gazette* says:

"In the twinkling of an eye there was a general stampede for the door, and when that Sunday-school superintendent arose from the floor, where he had been violently thrown by the retreating mass, and had collected his thoughts sufficiently to determine in his own mind whether he was himself or some one else, he cast his eyes about the room, and through the partially settled dust he made the sad discovery that he was alone with several rows of empty benches. His scholars had remained in blissful ignorance of the news until he had given them the cue."



TURNED OUT.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

TURNED OUT.

DURING the past winter scenes similar to the one depicted by our artist on the preceding page were frequently witnessed in New York. Mild as it was, the winter was a hard one for the poor. Many families were able to earn just enough to obtain food and fuel from day to day, and when the month's rent fell due they had saved nothing to meet it. If the landlord was kind-hearted, he gave them time, moved partly perhaps by the consideration that new tenants would be no better able to pay; but if, as is generally the case in tenement-houses, the rooms were sublet by some man or woman who depended on the promptness of the tenants for the means of paying the owner, there was no alternative but to go into the street. The scanty furniture was thrown out on the pavement, and the family hustled after it without the least compassion, to seek shelter wherever they could find it. Age, infancy, sickness, found no consideration. "Bundle out!" was the order, and it had to be obeyed. The hardships suffered by the poor in this way can scarcely be realized by those who are in happier circumstances, and who have never known the misery of standing homeless in the street.

A FAMILY OF STORKS.

THE stork is not a handsome bird when viewed at close quarters, nor does it cut a graceful figure on the ground, as any one of our city readers may see for himself by visiting Central Park, but it is quite a different creature in the air. In ancient mythology the stork held a very high place. The legend runs that Antigone, the sister of Priam, was changed into a stork by Juno for having boasted of her superior beauty, but the jealous goddess left her with all her virtues and amiable qualities, and the stork accordingly was considered by the ancients as the personification of piety, conjugal and filial love, gratitude, and temperance. It was supposed to bear a charmed life, and to offer it violence was a crime. This feeling still exists in Germany and Holland, where the stork is always welcomed, on its return from the winter sojourn in Africa, as the harbinger of spring, and its nest, built coarsely of sticks and twigs on the wide chimney-top, is regarded with superstitious reverence. To destroy or disturb one is regarded as a crime equal to sacrilege. The same pair return year after year to the old nest, and come to be considered members of the family. Their gentle disposition and familiar manner render them favorites with children, but they do not bear captivity well, and will not propagate in confinement.

An old superstition that "the storks bring the babies" is still prevalent in Germany and Holland. It is connected with some of the most beautiful legends in the literature of fairy-land, and appears in almost every picture-book for children. LUDWIG RICHTER, whose outline illustrations are well known in this country, is very fond of introducing the stork family and their chimney nest into his compositions, and the departure and return of the stork form an essential feature of his illustrations of autumn and spring. In our country this bird is not domesticated.

BREAKING AN INDIAN PONY.

THE Indians have a rough but very effectual method of breaking colts, as shown in our illustration on page 377. They fasten a cord with a slip-knot round the creature's neck, and then, while it is securely held, two or three of the young people scramble on its back. It begins kicking and plunging in the most frantic manner imaginable, pitching the riders off in every direction. This is great fun for them, but whether the colt enjoys the process is not so clear. The noose round the creature's neck tightens with every plunge, and in a short time it gives in, tired out and completely broken.

A FAMILY OF STORKS.

OLD ROME.

THE excavations of the last twenty years have unburied the actual foundations, and more than the foundations, of enormous works, which show that at the period of the kings Rome was a fortified city of very considerable importance, and that it contained an immense population governed by despotic monarchs. The fact of the construction of an *arx*, or citadel of great strength in war, together with the commencement of special fortifications, discontinued after some important event, is established beyond a doubt. The wells which were constructed by the chief, whom we may as well call Romulus as any thing else, for the use of his garrison when driven to their last resources, are still in existence. An English photographer, Mr. Parker, had himself let down into these wells, and found, with what astonishment and delight may be imagined, that in their construction they are totally unlike any other wells in Italy, ancient and modern, with one solitary exception. That exception is to be found in the remains of the old Etrurian city of Alba Longa, which was unquestionably a flourishing place about the time which tradition assigns as the date of the foundation of Rome. There was a report among the poor people who lived near the walls of Romulus that some sort of old and dried-up well did there exist, but of the perfect condition and structure of the existing wells no one had the slightest knowledge.

The peculiarity of construction of these wells lies in their termination at their lower extremity, where they reach the body of the water stored up in the reservoir with which they communicate, each well there expanding into a conical shape, so that it precisely resembles an inverted funnel. Such a construction is perfectly useless if designed to increase the quantity of water to be drawn up through the well, and consequently it is every where unknown, except, as we have said, in a well which communicates with a reservoir of water at the ancient Etrurian city of Alba Longa, now Palazzuolo. The wells of Romulus, and the sides and bottom of the reservoir into which they open, still exhibit remains of the clay "puddling" with which they were made water-tight, the tufa in which they were cut being porous and unfit for the storing of water. The identity of the engineering ideas which prevailed both at Alba Longa and at Rome when its foundations were laid is thus clearly made out; and, so far, the tradition is substantiated which asserts that Romulus came of the family ruling at Alba Longa.

The arx, or citadel, which these wells were meant to supply with water, when its inhabitants were shut up by a beleaguering force, is the original fortified place where Romulus ruled, and which goes by the name of *Roma Quadrata*. So far the more moderate of the skeptical school will admit, though even this will be contested by those who believe that the old traditions are not worth the slightest consideration. But what is now made evident from the recent excavations, as interpreted by one who possesses the trained archæological eye, and understands the true tests of age in buildings, is the great size and importance of the very earliest buildings of Rome. It is clear that Rome at once assumed the nature of a fortified city, and that its rulers were rapidly in a position to command a vast amount of enforced labor. The additions to the original buildings exhibit, moreover, marked changes in construction, and are of extent and character which precisely correspond to the traditionary stories of the succession of kings which ended with the second Tarquin. In actual size the Roma Quadrata was about 300 yards long and nearly 200 wide.

Its foundations are now at last open to the eye, and in their masonry they correspond with that of some of the chief cities of Etruria. They are constructed of oblong blocks of tufa, four feet long and two feet high, roughly chipped, where not got out of the quarry by some simple process of splitting. The horizontal surfaces of the blocks were thus less rough, as they followed the natural stratification of the stone, than those at the ends. The walls of this date are thus distinguished by the width of the vertical joints, which are often so large as to allow a man to thrust his fist into them. No mortar was used to hold them together.

The first work of Romulus was surrounded by walls of this kind, twelve feet thick, built up against the scarped cliff, which was cut away to make all entry impossible except by the gates. This work crowned the Palatine Hill. It is found nowhere else in Rome. Here, in the Roma Quadrata, its remains are still to be seen on three sides of the original parallelogram, in the foundations of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, which tradition said was begun shortly after the founding of the city, and in some steps close at hand. It is not a little remarkable, also, that the size of each of the stones corresponds to the statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that each of them was sufficient to constitute a cart-load. Each stone, as now existing in this earliest work, is of just that size which, in the tufa of which they consist, is to this day called by the Roman masons a cart-load. Until the recent excavations, the space covered by this arx could only have been guessed at even by those who believed in its reality; but now the whole of the deep fosse which was cut on the southwest side of the fort when it was first built has been laid open. It separated the fortified part of the Palatine from the unfortified part, where the population congregated in ordinary times.

On the opposite side of the arx, facing the hill of Saturn, which the Sabines, according to the tradition, occupied in their final conflict with the Romans, another feature now exposed to view has been pointed out by Mr. Parker, and is singularly suggestive when taken in connection with some experiments made by M. Viollet le Duc, the most distinguished of French architects, for the late Emperor Napoleon, at Pierrefonds. He had a catapult made to try how far it was possible to throw a paving-stone sufficiently large to be serviceable in war; and he found that, when thrown from the Saturnian Hill, it would throw just far enough to knock down a Roman standing upon the spot where the first fortification was raised. Obviously, therefore, on the occupation of the hill by the Sabines, it was necessary to heighten the wall of the fort on the side facing the Sabine camp, which involved the construction of a series of towers to serve as buttresses to hold it up. The remains of such a series are now discovered, with the proof that they were never finished, for the spaces between their sides are filled up with concrete of the time of the republic. Why were they left thus incomplete? Clearly because there was no longer any necessity for protection against the attacks of the Saturnian Hill, the treaty between the Sabines and the Romans insuring future peace.

As soon as peace was thus insured it was natural that a new wall should be made to inclose the district occupied by the Sabines, and to extend to the banks of the Tiber at its two extremities. It was necessary thus to keep open a communication with the Tiber as the highway for provisions and the like, and to include the Velian Hill, to protect the principal gate. The remains of such a wall are now visible in several places, and they exhibit a form of construction in which no practical mason will hesitate for a moment in recognizing an advance in the art of building. This advance may be due only to the greater leisure which the builders had at command, or to an increased skill in the quarrying of the stones, which are here found larger in size than in the primitive *opus quadratum*, as it is called. Its outer surfaces certainly exhibit clear traces of the use of the saw. They are, in fact, identical with what is now termed ashlar-work. Apparently no mortar was used for holding them together. A similar masonry is found in the lowest chamber or chambers of the Mamertine Prison, which the accepted traditions called the "Prison of the Kings," and assigned in its earlier portion to Ancus Martius, the addition to it being the work of Servius Tullius. It should be added that this second wall, inclosing both the Saturnian and the Palatine hills, was plainly twelve feet thick and fifty feet high. This same masonry is also seen in the lowest portion of the great building called the Capitolium, commenced naturally as soon as the rapid progress of the young city was insured. It was to contain all the offices necessary for the government of the city, including an *Ærarium* on the lowest level, for its money, and a *Tabularium* above, for its documents. The masonry is the same in both, though part of the *Ærarium* has been faced with small square stones, probably by Theodoric, who repaired many of the public buildings of the city.

Next came the vast work with which Servius Tullius is connected, and which is called his *agger*. It includes all the seven hills of Rome, and there is no novelty in our knowledge of its site. But its immense breadth and height were until lately matters of conjecture, while the chief peculiarity of its mode of construction was altogether unknown, except that it consisted of two parallel walls, inclosing a gigantic mound of earth where it stood by itself, or of one wall facing the scarped cliff where any portion of a hill was cut away,

leaving the remaining cliff to be sustained by the wall. When the railway station was made, in 1871, this *agger* was cut across, and wrought-iron clamps were found, binding together the separate stones of the masonry. The discovery at once explained the meaning of various holes in old Roman masonry, which had hitherto puzzled all antiquarians—the iron having every where dropped out, through the action of rust, while the clamps of course had disappeared. Here, on the contrary, being within the body of the wall, they were retained in their original positions, and the action of the rust itself had been less destructive. About a dozen or so were then found, and were immediately secured by Mr. Parker and other archæologists.

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MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

ALPHONSE KARR, an authority, in his way, on such subjects, and beyond dispute, once made a ferocious attack in *Les Guèpes* on the substitution of jewels for flowers in the toilets of our time. One would have fancied from his bitterness against the "life of the caves," as the great Swede called gems, that the diamond and the ruby, the pearl and the sapphire, were human inventions, out of nature, and monstrous. Yet there was a certain method in his fanaticism, nor was it wholly irrational; for he was speaking of the jewelry of forty years ago, of that dismal period which intervened between the fall of the gracious and fantastic art of the old Régime, and the upspringing of the picturesque and imaginative art of our own day. Jewelry then, like furniture, and pictures, and plate, was heavy with the concentrated mediocrity of the domination of the *bourgeoisie*. The loveliest and most brilliant diamonds and emeralds were buried in clumsy masses of dead and pallid gold, or shamed into pallor themselves by the fiery drunken glow of what our fathers called "Guinea-gold." Could ALPHONSE KARR have had before him, when he wrote, one such miracle of light and color as a little, but most sumptuous, medallion locket now on exhibition at the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street (up stairs), he would have been healed of his amazing "craze." Nothing more simple ever budded on bough, or hid in the grass. A faultless emerald, glowing like the heart of a sunlit glade, seems truly to float in a sparkling lakelet of diamonds. Only this and nothing more! All about it glimmers a soft, transparent semi-moonlight, the refulgence of the central stone. What is it worth? You would as soon think of asking the worth of a dewdrop shining in the sun. Its beauty is its value; not its value its beauty; and this simple thought tells the story of the wonderful Art-Progress of which such ornaments as this are the fruits at once and the symbols.—[*Com.*]

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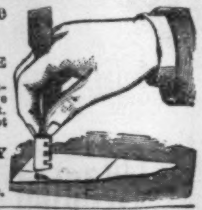

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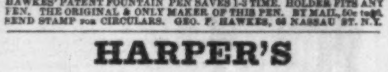

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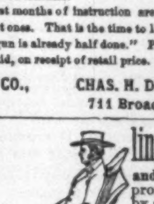

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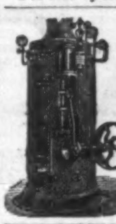

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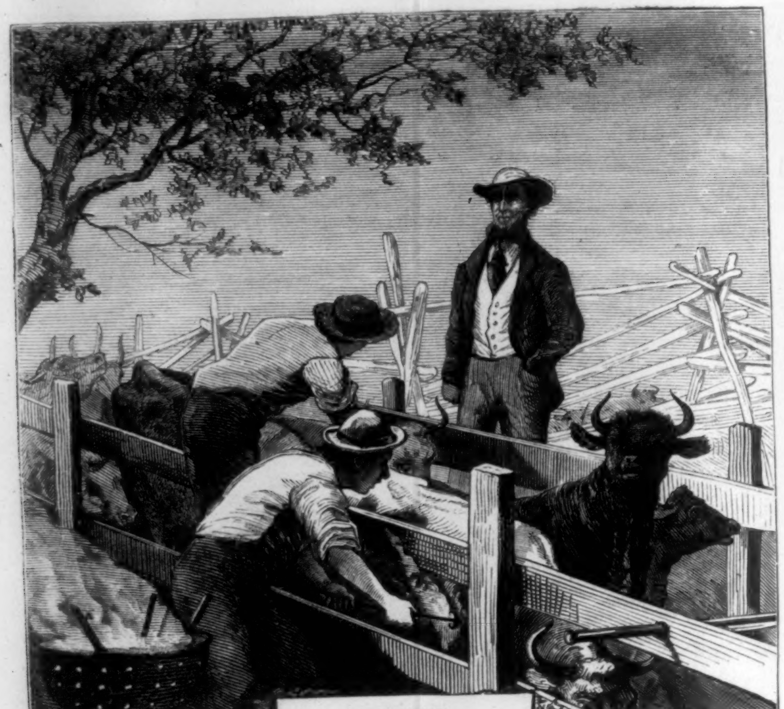
"A GOOD DRAUGHT IN THE CLOISTER WINE-CELLAR."—[From a Painting by Grützner.]

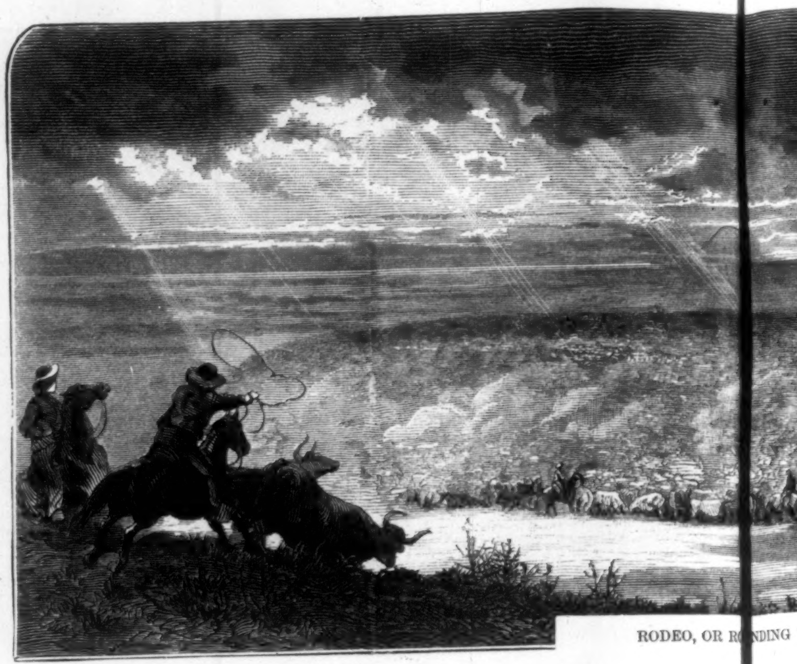
THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE.

The drawings on our double-page block represent various interesting features of the Texas cattle trade, which surpasses that of every other country excepting South America. Sketch No. 1 shows the process of branding. Each cattle owner has his own peculiar brand; it may be his initials or some other distinctive mark. The branding-iron is heated to a red heat, and then applied to the haunch or flank of the animal. This is done every spring and autumn. The cattle are driven along a narrow lane, just wide enough for two to pass abreast, and as they move slowly along the branding-iron is applied. No. 2 represents a drove of cattle on the march from Texas to Kansas, where they are transferred to the cattle cars, and sent Eastward by railroad. These droves vary from 500 to 8000, and are guarded by well-mounted and well-armed herdsmen, who are inured to fatigue and to fighting Indians. The cattle feed during the long march on the luxurious grazing grounds of the Indian Territory. The journey from Texas to Kansas occupies from four to five months, as the herd must move very slowly, and what with stoppages to feed, water, and rest, only a few miles are made in a day. No. 3 shows one of the chief halting-places in Kansas, where the roads to the various grazing grounds branch off from the main trail. Situated about twenty miles from Wichita, the main post of the cattle trade, the Ninnescah River Station is well known to cattle traders. No. 4 represents the rounding up, or, as it is called, a "rodeo" of cattle. Various herds, belonging to one or more parties, are brought together, to the number sometimes of 10,000 or 12,000 head, into one drove. No. 5 shows the process of cutting out cattle from the herd. It takes skillful riding, and is pretty hard work, requiring frequent use of the lasso and whip. No. 6 shows a camp of cattle men in Kansas. Breakfast is served at an early hour, and then the business of the day commences. No. 7 shows how cattle are shipped from a station for the Eastern markets.

Sketch No. 8 represents Wichita, the grand central station for the cattle trade. It is a driving business town in the county of Sedgwick, Kansas. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, the great road for the transportation of cattle, has a branch to this town. No. 9 represents a party of cattle traders, who have sold their stock, going home to Texas. The camp outfit is loaded in the wagon, in which the "cow boys," as they call themselves, make the homeward journey in order to give the ponies needed rest, and a crowd of friends gather round to say good-by, and wish them a safe journey and return. Hard as the life may be, and often perilous, it has a singular fascination for all who have once engaged in it. They find it difficult to quit the roving life and settle down to the dull and monotonous occupation of farming.



BRANDING.



RODEO, OR R[illegible]NDING

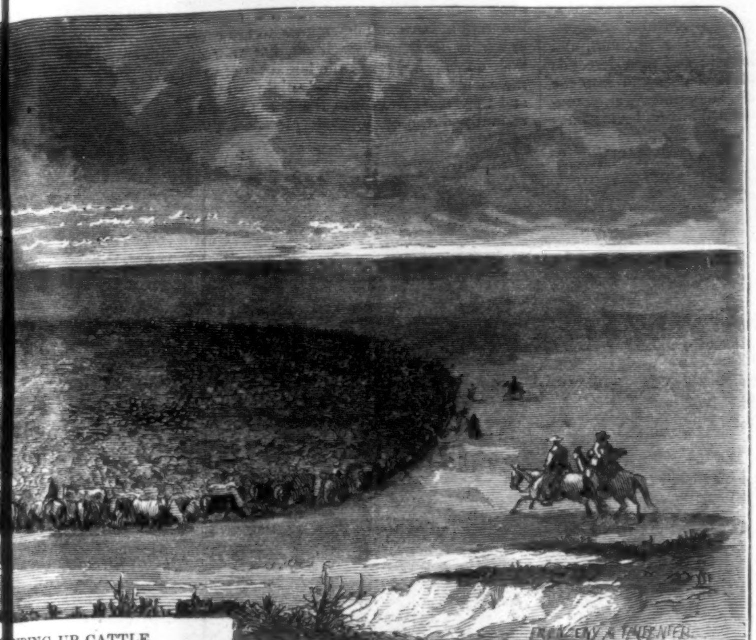
ON THE TRAIL.

CUT[illegible] OUT.

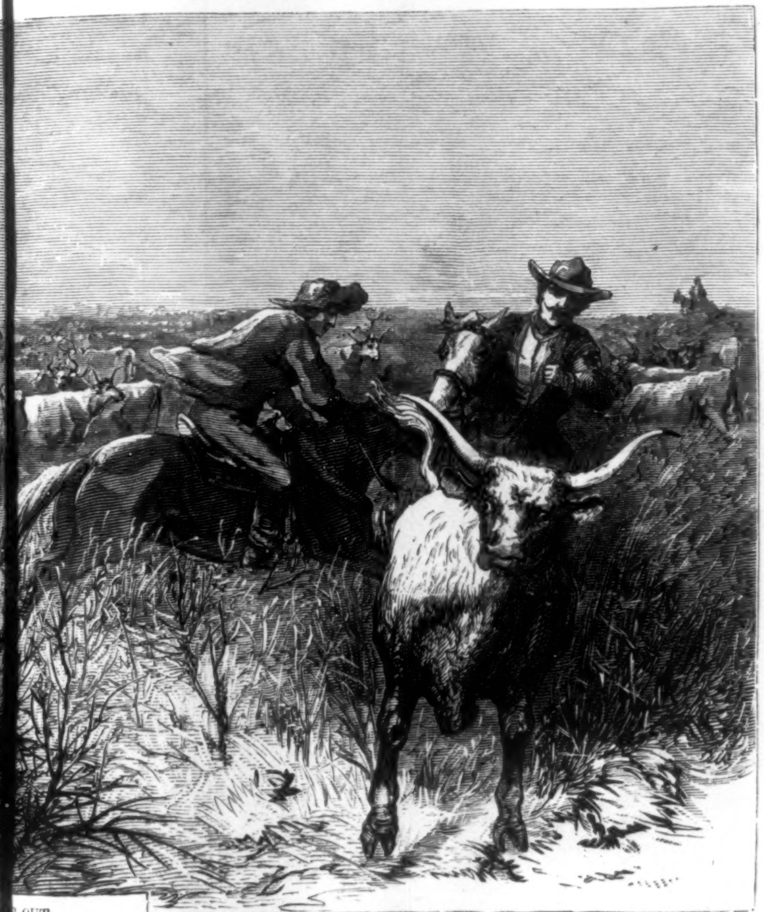
HALTING-PLACE ON THE NINNESCAH RIVER.

IN CAMP,

THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE.—DRAWN B[Y] FRE

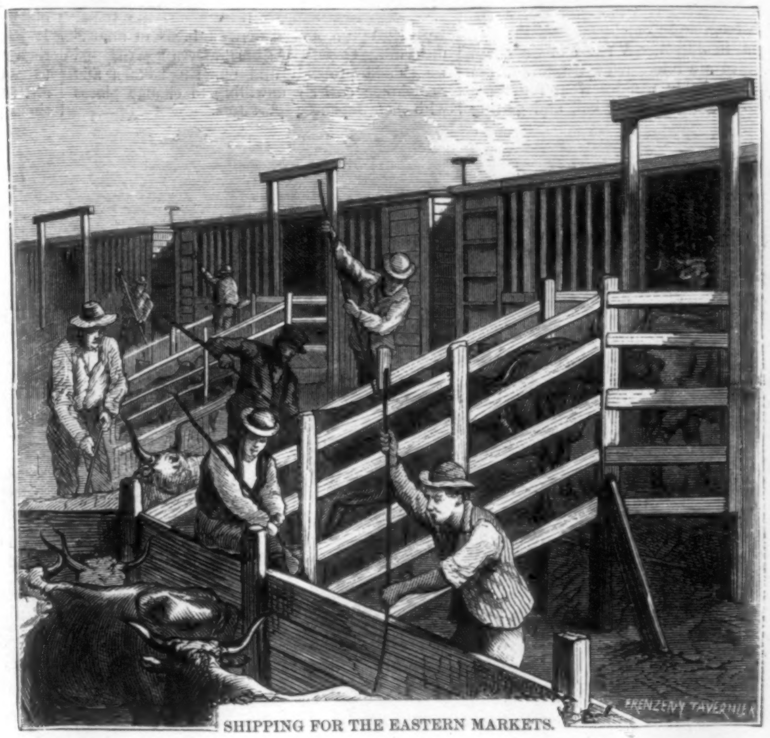


ROUNDING UP CATTLE.

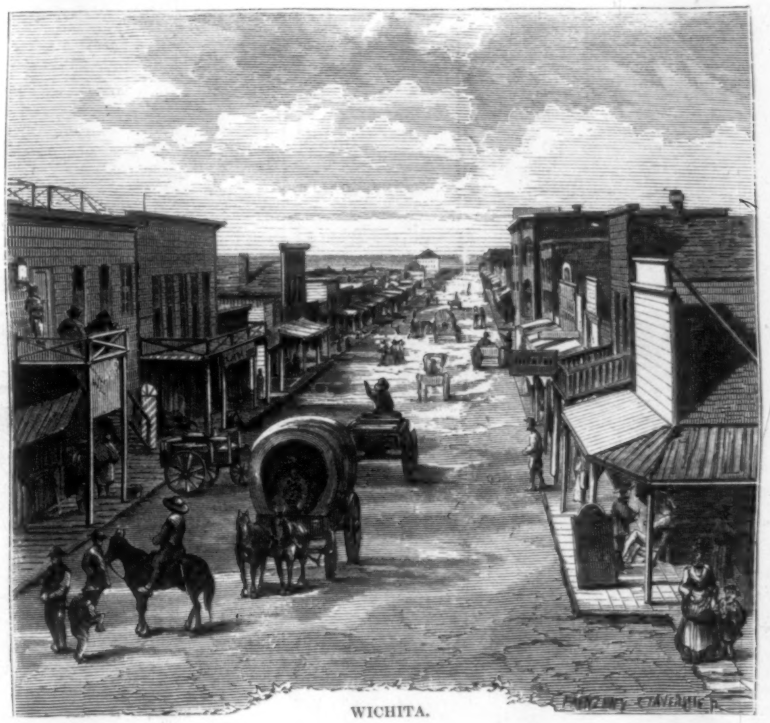


CUTTING OUT.

IN CAMP.



SHIPPING FOR THE EASTERN MARKETS.



WICHITA.

HO, FOR TEXAS!

...N BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 385.]